

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

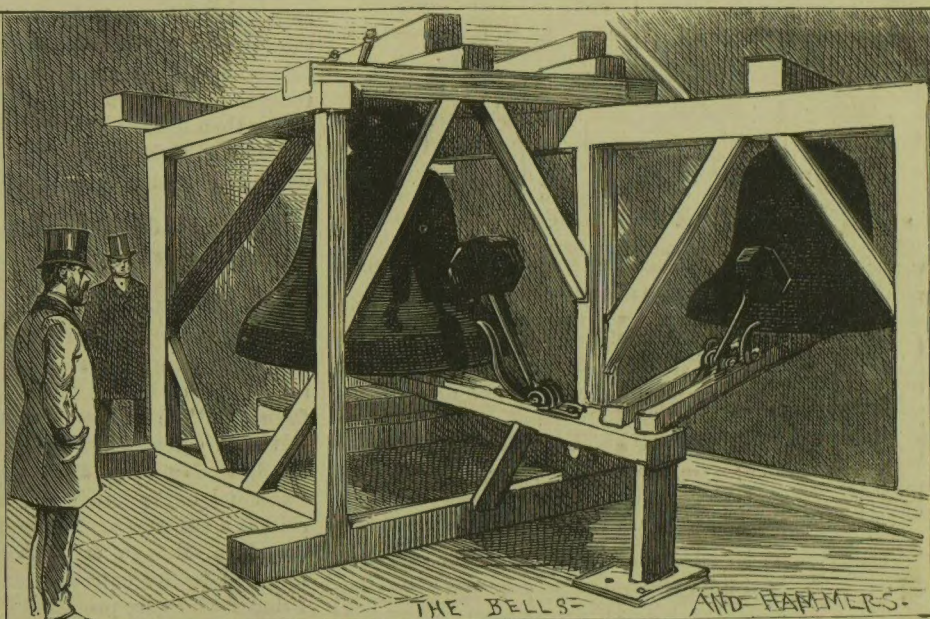
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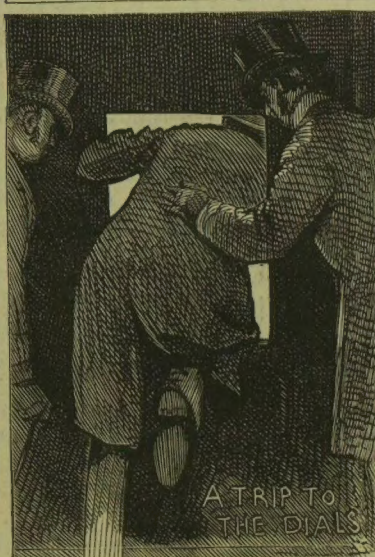
FANCY-DRESS BALL ON BOARD H.M. TROOP-SHIP SERAPIS, ON CROSSING THE LINE.



THE SURVEYOR SEVERES THE CORD THAT HOLDS THE PENDULUM AND SETS THE CLOCK MACHINERY IN MOTION - AT NOON -



THE BELLS AND HAMMERS.



A TRIP TO THE DIALS.



WATCHING FOR THE FIRST STRIKE.

THE CLOCK AND BELLS AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd inst., at St. Margaret's, Aghadoe, Susan Lecky Orr, relict of Captain Orr, late H.M. 75th Regiment, only surviving daughter of Averell Lecky, Esq., of Castle Lecky, county Londonderry, and Richmond-place, Dublin, maternal granddaughter of the late Major-General Franklin Kirby, H.M. 17th Light Dragoons, and great-granddaughter of the late Sir Richard Cox, Bart., of Dunmanway Castle, county Cork.

On the 21st inst., at 11, Queen-street, Mayfair, Caroline Walmesley, widow of the late William Gerard Walmesley, Esq., of Westwood House, Lancashire. R.I.P.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 5, 1884.

SUNDAY, DEC. 30.
First Sunday after Christmas.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah xxxv.; Rev. xx. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxxviii. or xl.; Rev. xxi. 1-15.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Bishop of Bedford; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. R. T. Ives.
St. James's, noon.

MONDAY, DEC. 31.
London Institution, 5 p.m., Dr. John Rae on the Eskimos and Life among them.

TUESDAY, JAN. 1, 1884.
Circumcision.
Canon Barry to be consecrated Bishop of Sydney, Australia, in Westminster Abbey, 11 a.m.
Grosvenor Gallery, opening of Exhibition of Reynolds' Works.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2.
William I., King of Prussia, accession, 1881.
Society of Arts, 7 p.m., Juvenile Lecture, Mr. J. M. Thomson on Crystals and Crystallisation.

THURSDAY, JAN. 3.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Alchemy.
Entomological Society, 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, JAN. 4.
Geologists' Association, 8 p.m.
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m., Mr. J. D. Crace on Colour Decoration.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5.
Moon's First Quarter, 9.35 p.m.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Alchemy.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:—
OPÉRETTES
Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT FAUST.
Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists.
Mlle. Jeanne Granier, Mlle. Helen Schellier.

ITALIAN OPERAS.
Jan. 19 to March 15.
The following Operas will be given:—
IL BALLO IN MASCHERA, FRA DIAVOLO, IL TROVATORE.
PRINCIPAL ARTISTES: Mesdames Fides Devries, Sullia, Novelli, Monsieur Mierzwinski.
The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several GRAND CONCERTS.

At the termination of which another series of OPÉRETTES will be produced between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.
Friday, Dec. 14: Prix d'Ouverture.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Monday, Dec. 17: Prix de Décembre.
Handicap.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Friday, Dec. 21: Prix d'Hiver.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Monday, Dec. 24: Prix de Noël.
Handicap.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Friday, Dec. 28: Prix d'Orléans.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Monday, Dec. 31: Prix de l'An.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Friday, Jan. 4, 1884: Prix de Janvier.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.
Monday, Jan. 7: Prix W. Call.
Handicap.
Work of Art, added to a poule of 50f. each.

PROGRAMME OF BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.
Friday, Feb. 1: Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix de St. Quentin.
Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix A. Yeo.
Friday, 8: Three Pigeons, 25f metres .. Prix C. Pennell.
Monday, 11: Three Pigeons .. Prix Roberts.
Friday, 15: Three Pigeons, 25 metres .. Prix Hoopwood.
Monday, 18: Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix Lafond.
Friday, 22: Three Pigeons, 25f metres .. Prix Esterhazy.
Monday, 25: Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix du Comité.
Friday, 29: Three Pigeons, 27 metres .. Prix Camauet.
Monday, Mar. 3: Handicap, Three Pigeons .. Prix de Mars.
N.B.—The Prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of 50f. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.
Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f., Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at 25 metres.
Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 20 metres.
A. BLONDIN.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended winter resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and the continuance of which work will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence of an English Engineer and Surveyor of renown, and a thorough revision of the Town drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A new Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn at Cannes, there are nearly 600 Villas, furnished, and upwards of Seventy Hotels and Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been constructed on the grandest scale compatible with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms, commanding magnificent views, with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful Gardens, with Lawn-Tennis grounds, and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shops where every article of English requirement can be obtained; beautiful promenades, Churches of several denominations; Clubs, Theatre, Casino; English Doctors, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants, and Libraries.

The following visitors have arrived—Lord and Lady Acton, the Marquis and Marchioness Ailsa, Lord Dunsandle, Lord Keane, Lady Lennox, Lady Molyneux, Lady Beaumont, and Lady Poltimore—altogether with upwards of 600 English families. The Empress of Russia is daily expected, as also many Princes and Monarchs.

Cannes, Dec. 3, 1883.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—The Nineteenth Annual SERIES OF NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVALS of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS EVERY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAYS.

THE HOLIDAY FESTIVAL PROGRAMME will comprise NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS, BALLADS, PART-SONGS AND DOUBLE CHORUSES. BOUNTIFULLY INTERSPERSED WITH NEW AND CHOICE BON MOTS, NEW AND NOVEL DANCES AND SCREAMING BURLESQUES, in which the whole of the great Company of SINGERS, INSTRUMENTALISTS, DANCERS, FANTOMIMISTS, AND COMEDIANS will take part. Tickets and places can now be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, every day, from 9.30 till 6.30. Places can be booked One Month in advance. No Fees of any description. Programmes Free. At Two and Seven. Every West-End Omnibus will set visitors down at the doors of St. James's Hall.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE BENT, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL. Concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 2s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

NEW STORY BY MRS. RIDDELL.

Mr. James Payn's Tale "The Canon's Ward" is brought to a close in the present Number; and with the New Year will begin a New Story, entitled "BERNA BOYLE," by MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, Author of "George Geith," "The Senior Partner," &c.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

In a few days the New Year will begin to dawn upon us. Although the events of 1884 are mercifully concealed from the ken of the most far-seeing, hope, which, we are told, "springs eternal in the human breast," colours our horoscope, and is in a great measure justified by the retrospect of 1883. The year that is expiring, though marked by no political convulsions, has become memorable by great catastrophes in the physical world. The severe earthquake in Ischia, at the close of July, which in a few minutes destroyed the lovely watering-place of Casamicciola, and buried some 2000 persons beneath its ruins; and the still more terrible volcanic eruption in the Straits of Sunda, a week or two later, which crumbled to pieces the Island of Krakatoa, and its lofty cone, and claimed its victims by tens of thousands, stand out conspicuously among the tragical events of 1883. Although some philosophers associate our recent brilliant sunsets with the atmospheric effects of the tremendous convulsion in Eastern Asia, we are as little consoled by such inductions for the wide spread devastation caused by it as we are tranquillised by the assurance that the preternatural activity of subterranean forces is a proof that our earth is not likely soon to become a "dead planet."

In the main the civilised world has, during 1883, enjoyed a period of welcome repose. By the profound sagacity and diplomatic skill of Prince Bismarck, the great Continental States have been kept in a state of pacific equilibrium. He has managed to restrain the restlessness of the French Republic—or, rather, of its leading politicians—by the consolidation of a Triple Alliance. Under his auspices, Germany, Austria, and Italy have united to form a barrier against aggression in Europe, with the tacit acquiescence of Russia—whose Czar has no liking for desperate enterprises—and the more cordial approval of Spain. It is a combination, we are sanguinely assured by inspired organs in Berlin, that may be expected to prove effective for three years. Under its influence some menacing storms in the Balkan States were quickly dispersed, and France, isolated and muzzled in Europe, was fain to find vent for its energies in foreign enterprises. Possibly the sudden death of M. Gambetta, the foremost of French statesmen, just as the new year began to dawn, removed the chief obstacle to the maintenance of peace in Europe. That object was helped rather than hindered by the coronation of Alexander III. at Moscow, in May—a pageant of unsurpassed splendour, which strengthened his throne and increased his prestige.

France has during the last twelve months contributed, as usual, the most varied page to the annals of Europe. The year opened with a truly national funeral pageant in memory of M. Gambetta. Not long after, M. Ferry succeeded to the arduous post of Premier. That he still remains in power is strong testimony to his prudence and tact. He inherited the legacy of an aggressive policy in Cochin China, and the pledge to conquer territory in Madagascar, and was embarrassed by the necessity of accepting a Foreign Minister—M. Challemeil-Lacour—bent on "colonial expansion." Domestic events soon tested his skill as a statesman. The Bonapartist manifesto of Prince Napoleon, though unworthy of serious attention, was followed by an outcry against the inoffensive Orleanist Princes who were protected by the Senate, but eventually ostracised from the army by the decree of the Minister for War. Some Socialist tumults in Paris and elsewhere, easily suppressed, showed that the mass of the French people had no sympathy with anarchic theories. The death of the childless Comte de Chambord in August, the last and most high-minded representative of Legitimist aspirations, did not perceptibly affect the fortunes of the French Republic, and has added little to the prestige of the Comte de Paris, his recognised political heir.

From that time the interest in French affairs has, for the most part, been restricted to her external relations. As far back as May the annexation of the kingdom of Annam was practically decided upon, and the dispatch of an expedition to that country was sanctioned by an overwhelming vote of the Legislature. The reverse and death of Commander Rivière near Hanoi were before long avenged by General Bouet, and in August Hué, the Annamese capital, was occupied, and the kingdom annexed to the Republic. Tonquin, its most coveted province, remained unconquered, and here France was confronted by China, which has to a great extent colonised that territory, and has from time immemorial claimed

feudatory rights over it. During the long military inaction in Tonquin, and the fruitless negotiations in Paris, several months passed away. Admiral Courbet has at length captured Sontay, one of the two strongest fortresses of Tonquin. But behind the Black Flags, who ostensibly defend that province, is a force of Chinese regulars, that is said to be bent on making a stand at Bac Ninh. Perhaps before the year has run out we shall definitely know whether a partition of Tonquin as the result of negotiation, or war between France and China, will follow upon this exploit. Apparently the Chinese are unequal to a military struggle. For many months our neighbours have been at issue with the Malagasy people, whose dire offence is that they prefer independence to French domination. Tamatave, the chief port of the island, is in the occupation of the French, whose ships of war find occasional employment in cruising along the coast and bombarding the small settlements—barbarities which, if they do not injure the Hovas, destroy British commerce. Except the payment of the Shaw indemnity by the French Cabinet, there is not a redeeming feature in this wretched business, which has gone far to alienate English sympathy from the French Republic.

The main incidents in the Parliamentary Session of the year can hardly have faded from recollection. We have not space to dwell upon them. Although the Clôture was the first of the new Rules of Procedure carried at the preceding autumn Session, eleven nights were wasted upon the debate on the Address. Those rules were only effective in the provision for creating Grand Committees, to which agency the country owes a well-considered Bankruptcy Act and the reform of the Patent Laws. The anomalous position of Mr. Bradlaugh occupied an inordinate share of time in the House of Commons, and the Affirmation Bill, which would have admitted him, was thrown out after a protracted debate by a small majority. In consequence of the frequent discussion of extraneous topics, and scarcely "veiled obstruction," none of the chief measures of the Session were substantially considered before the middle of May. But the Corrupt Practices Bill and the Agricultural Holdings Bill—both first-class measures—eventually got through both Houses; the latter being saved from the destructive criticism of the Opposition leader in the Lords by the intervention of the Duke of Richmond. These, with the measures referred to above, and others arising out of the Budget, were the chief outcome of the Session of 1883. Our legislators, when so minded, can act with promptitude. The dynamite conspiracy in London and Birmingham, which in the spring created much alarm till the ringleaders Gallagher, Whitehead, and the rest, were arrested and convicted, led to the introduction of the Explosive Substances Bill, which passed both Houses and received the Royal assent within two days. Though there have since been one or two Fenian outrages, this draconic enactment has served its purpose. One of the lessons of the Session is that no stringent standing orders can do more than mitigate wearisome discussions. Restraint upon interminable debate is no more than a tradition, and obstruction has become a fine art.

Our Irish retrospect is, on the whole, encouraging. The Land Act is getting into general operation, and, with the Arrears of Rent Act, has relieved the occupiers of the soil of their most pressing difficulties. To a great extent, the country is quietly settling down, in spite of spasmodic attempts to revive agitation, and the record of agrarian murders and outrages becomes month by month more meagre. This beneficial change is partly due to the safeguards of the Crimes Act, which has been administered with firmness and prudence by Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan. By means of its provisions, the terrible story of the Phoenix Park assassinations was, during the spring of the year, gradually evolved. Everyone will remember the trial of the assassin band of "Invincibles" in Dublin last April the dramatic completeness of James Carey's evidence, and the subsequent execution of Brady and his chief confederates. Still fresher in recollection will be the murder of the arch-informer on his way to Natal, and the trial and execution of O'Donnell, who shot him down. Retribution has followed many a criminal concerned in the atrocities of 1880-1. The supremacy of the law has been vindicated in Ireland, and there are some signs that a new era of tranquillity and prosperity has set in.

A year ago we were in secure military occupation of Egypt as the result of the overthrow of Arabi and his host by Lord Wolseley. The prospect of our retirement from the valley of the Nile has gradually become more remote. Early in the year the Joint Control was formally abolished. Lord Dufferin, and following him Sir Evelyn Baring, have devised elaborate schemes for the reorganisation of the administrative machinery of Egypt. But they have been thwarted by the hopeless incapacity and corruption of the official classes. Their reforms were paralysed in the summer by a serious outbreak of cholera, which carried off 27,000 victims, and vividly illustrated the incompetency of the ruling class in Egypt. The news of the massacre of Hicks Pasha and his expeditionary force in the Soudan—if indeed there was a complete massacre—has necessitated the indefinite retention of the British Army and postponed all reforming projects. Probably Egypt will ere long be obliged to offer a composition to its creditors to avert national bankruptcy—for the deficit is growing from month to month. It is safer to predict that during 1884 the present Khedive will disappear from Cairo than the British troops.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Haste to the Wedding! I came home from Rome in a desperate hurry, and bent on being present at the farewell to bachelorhood of a young gentleman who is the eldest son of one of my oldest and dearest friends. The farewell to bachelorhood took the form of a dinner at a Regent-street restaurant; and the guests consisted exclusively of members of the staff of the newspaper of which the young gentleman's father is one of the proprietors. So we were all very merry—the merrier for the fact that, after the health of the host had been drunk and felicitously responded to, there was no speech-making. The first time that I ever saw the young gentleman, our Amphytrion, he was the occupant of a perambulator. Now he is just twenty-one, very rich, and going to be married next Wednesday at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is an excellent thing to get married at Christmas-time; and a wedding breakfast comes very appropriately on the morrow of a New-Year's Day banquet. After the old slippers and the showers of rice have been thrown, you have done with merrymaking, and can settle down steadily and soberly to the business of the year. So good luck to Mr. Harry Webster Lawson and his bride; and may the young couple live long and prosper, and all their families. It is not often I speak of private matters in this page; but I do so now for the single reason that the family of Mr. Harry Lawson are the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, a journal with which I have been closely connected for six-and-twenty years. Before that I had seven years' apprenticeship to Charles Dickens in "Household Words"; three-and-twenty years have passed since I first became associated with the *Illustrated London News*; and these three connections cover practically the entire journalistic career of your humble, but, I trust, not obtrusive servant.

Yes; I came home from Rome in a hurry—and in a sleeping-car—just halting for a day in Paris, to take a survey of that once gay city. Yes; once gay. There were crowds of people on the boulevards; the cafés were crammed; the Passage Jouffroy was full of fond mammas buying toys for the young people; a tremendous trade in sweetstuff was being done in the Rue de la Paix; and from the Madeleine to the Bastille the *marchands forains* were busied in rigging up their little *barraques* for the sale of the multitudinous odds and ends of glittering rubbish which are the Christmas-boxes and New Year's gifts of the poor. I suppose that the Eden Theatre was being crowded every night; and I know that there were plenty of sight-seers at that very indifferent waxwork show, the Musée Grévin. They charge you two francs for admission; and a hawk-eyed old woman at the door, intent on *sonnes*, pounces upon you, if you have a stick or an umbrella with you. The exhibition is not nearly so good as our Madame Tussaud's, which costs but a shilling (if you eschew the Chamber of Horrors) to see.

And yet I did not find Paris gay. It suggested to me rather the *amari aliquid*. Why? Was it because, lunching at a very imposing and celebrated café not far from the Grand Opera, I was charged two francs for a single and small fresh herring broiled, the wholesale price of which, at the Halles Centrales, would not probably exceed one penny sterling? There was, to be sure, about a halfpenny worth of melted butter, and a farthing's worth of mustard, served as sauce to this extremely diminutive and costly fish. How long will it be, I wonder, before the Paris tradespeople recover from the delusion that foreigners who come to Paris are mainly idiots who do not know when they are being swindled, and who are powerless to resent extortion by staying away from Paris as long as they possibly can? Vienna, Milan nay, even cosy and cheerful little Brussels—are, to my mind, much more amusing than the Paris of to-day. You grow weary of being fleeced by the boulevard shopkeepers; and knowing, as you do, that it is upon those foreigners that the tradespeople and the hotel-keepers live, you grow equally tired of reading newspapers full day after day of tirades of malignant abuse of England.

Stay; at last I have settled in my mind why I did not find Paris gay. I slept one night at one of the stateliest of hotels in the Rue de Rivoli quarter. I put two pairs of boots outside my door to be cleaned, and during the night somebody stole my boots. You do not expect, when you pay fourteen francs a night for a bed-room, to have your boots stolen. There is something rotten in the state of Paris. "At least," once cried M. Paul de Cassagnac in the Chamber, "under the Empire, when one went to an official reception one's paletôt was not stolen." I say ditto to M. Paul de Cassagnac in the matter of boots. On the whole, I have endeavoured to take my loss philosophically. I try to see in it a wholesome chastisement—a tacit rebuke to a man of letters who is so arrogant as to have two pairs of boots. "I see three hats in your room," says, to a friend, one of the characters in Henri Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." "For what purpose? Have you three heads?"

Incidentally I alluded just now to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, and, in indirect connection therewith, I note the following curious passage in a newspaper article on the execution of the assassin O'Donnell:—

It transpired that he (O'Donnell's brother) had come with the intention of making an application for the convict's clothes and some other trifling articles, which the prisoner had desired to be given to him. This request, so far as the clothes were concerned, could not be complied with, as, in consequence of the clothes of persons accused of serious crimes having in former times been used for the purpose of public exhibition, a strict order is enforced that the clothes of all prisoners who are executed shall be burned.

This is all very well, and the Right Honourable Gentleman, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, is a very high and mighty personage, much given to the enforcing of strict orders; but, shades of Delorme! how about the British Constitution? The executioner has a constitutional right to the garments of the patibulary person whom he dispatches; and he has exercised that right during

many hundreds of years. The claim is, with curiously grim humour, mentioned in Bacon's "Apophthegms."

There was a cursed page that his master whipt naked, and when he had been whipt would not put on his clothes; and when his master bade him, said "Take them, you, for they are the hangman's fees."

A most excellent thing is it to be wise in time, or upon mature reflection, and, after lengthened consideration, to arrive within measurable distance of what is humanly termed wisdom. But there are many grave inconveniences attendant on the attempt to be wise in a hurry. Of this verity I was reminded lately by the perusal of a paragraph in a recent number of the *World*. Says "Atlas"—"Why do our 'leading journals' always speak of Sir Albert Woods as 'Garter King at Arms'?" I've heard of a man-at-arms, but never of a king, save in the aforesaid 'leading journals.'

"Atlas" was trying to be wise in a hurry. I will tell him where he will hear of a King "at" and not "of" arms. In a milkmaid, of whom the then Garter King-at-Arms (a facetious periodical called "The Tatler," No. 75, a certain Joseph Addison writes: "Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the person) said, pleasantly enough," &c. In a well-known "Diary," under date of May 27, 1660, a party by the name of Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts to the Admiralty, writes: "Lord's Day. Called up by John Goods, to see the Garter and Herald's coat which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker, King-at-Arms, this morning for my Lord." In another, and contemporary Diary, John Evelyn of Wotton and Sayes Court, Esquire, writes on St. George's Day, April 23, 1667: "The Chancellor of the Order was old Sir Henry de Vie, who wore the purse about his neck. Then the Heralds and Garter-King-at-Arms, Clarencieux, and Black Rod."

Would you like to hear of any more, "Atlas"? Yes? Well, hear Phillips's "New World of Worlds," London, 1696; "Garter, the chief of the three Kings-at-Arms." Hear Guy Miège, "The Great French Dictionary, 1699," Garter, the chief of the three Kings-at-Arms. Hear Bailey (edited by J. Scott Nicoll), 1782, "Garter King-at-Arms." "Garter King at," and not "of" arms is cited by Ogilvie and Annandale in the "Imperial Dictionary, 1883," in "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary, 1882," and in "Webster, 1881." Finally, Thornbury and Walford, in Cassell's "Old and New London," write (Vol. I., p. 296): "The Corporation (the College of Arms) consists of thirteen members—three kings-at-arms, six heralds-at-arms, and four pursuivants-at-arms"; and (Vol. IV., p. 563), "Sir John Wriothesley had the patent of the office of Garter King-at-Arms in the reign of Richard III."

All these authorities, however, are confuted, first by a "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes," 1881, in which we learn that Sir Albert William Woods, F.S.A., is "Garter Principal King of Arms"; next by Mr. J. E. Cussan's "Handbook of Heraldry" (Chatto and Windus, 1881), which tells us that William de Bruges was appointed Garter King of Arms as early as 1417, and finally (screwing up the theorbo a great many pegs higher) by the learned and unimpeachably accurate Selden, who, in his "Titles of Honour," London, 1631, describing the ceremonial of the degradation of "a Knight Bachelor," remarks, "Here thou mayst see the Kings of Armes and Herald's, and thine owne proper coat of armes, which they should tear off thy bodie."

It is clearly by analogy that we should say King "of" Arms and not "at" arms. The technology of English heraldry is chiefly based on Norman French; and the French say "un héraut d'armes," and not "*aux* armes." At the same time, the stickler for heraldic purity who gave "Atlas" the "straight tip" touching Garter, was probably quite unaware of the fact that the "leading journals" had sinned with the best of all good company, literary and lexicographic.

I mentioned a few weeks ago that a kind lady had made me a present of some malmsey madeira, laid down in the first year of this century by George Canning. We opened a bottle the other day for some friends. The wine was in superb condition, full of body, bright in colour, exquisite in flavour, and very strong—rather too strong, indeed, for the consumption of those who restrict themselves to a single glass of claret or of champagne at dinner. But George Canning's malmsey madeira must be a mere baby wine to some of the vintages of which I read in an article in the *Paris Figaro* as enriching the cellar of the Royal Schloss at Berlin. What do you think of Rhine wines laid down in 1630 and 1680? But the German Emperor, according to the *Figaro*, rarely tastes these rare and precious vintages. His Majesty restricts himself to Moselle from the vineyards of Solemacher-Antweiler. It is M. Adolphe Racot who is responsible for this statement.

The following, from a correspondent of the *Standard*, a short time ago, is noteworthy:—

Permit me to ask if any of your correspondents can justify the use of the expression "Parcels Post" inscribed on the carts of the Post Office? We do not say mails coach, letters box, posts office, packets boat, banks note, butters man, porks butcher, teas dealer apples tree, oats meal, carts horse, waters wheel, witnesses box, nor put the plural of a noun used adjectively before the singular of another noun. To do so would be contrary to the genius of the English language; and I, therefore, submit that the proper grammatical expression should be "Parcel Post."

But we say Parcels Delivery Company, Public Schools' Commission, Trades' Unions; Colliery Disasters, but Collieries Committees; Debtors' Prisons, but Convict Prisons; Lunatic Asylums, but Cripples' Homes; Orphan Asylums, but Boys' Homes. Why not Boy Homes? Christ's Hospital is, I suppose, the Blue Coat not the Blue Coats' School. It is, I apprehend, the Scottish Widows' and not the Widow Annuity Fund; and it was the "Great International Fisheries and not Fishery Exhibition." We say the Custom-house without a final s to Custom, and the German Customs' Union with a final s. Still, we cannot plead that the retrenchment of the s in Custom-house points to our having only one fiscal system; whereas "Customs' Union" indicates the union of many

systems: because the German *soß* is singular. The Germans term their Customs' Union the "Zollverein," not the "Zölleverein." To complete the contradictoriness of our dealings with letter s, the duty levied at the Custom-house on goods and produce brought for consumption from foreign countries or for export, is called not Custom-duty, but Customs-duty. All of which tends to show that the English language is a highly embarrassing one to the intelligent foreigner.

I am very much the debtor of a legal correspondent ("J. R. Y."), who confirms the impression under which I laboured that by the Judicature Act the name of "attorney" had been merged into that of solicitor, and sends me an extract from the Act itself, 36 and 37 Vict. Sect. 89, cap. 66.

From and after the commencement of this Act, all persons admitted as Solicitors, Attorneys, or Proctors of, or empowered by law to practise in, any Court, the jurisdiction of which is hereby transferred to the High Court of Justice or Court of Appeal, shall be called Solicitors of the Supreme Court.

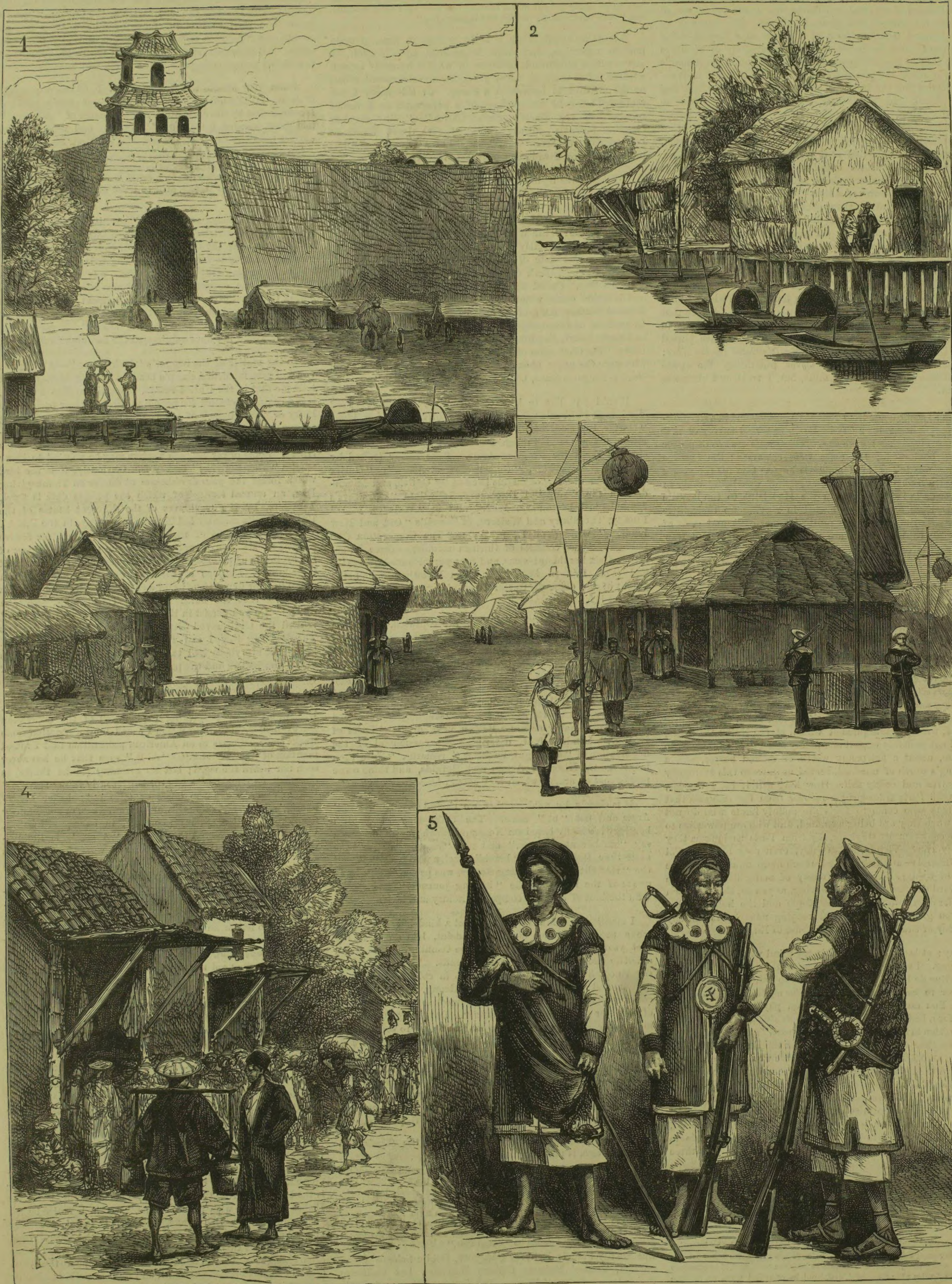
Exit the attorney; and we shall have, it is to be hoped, no more newspaper articles headed "in the matter of an Attorney." At the same time, my obliging correspondent does not point out how or why it happened that the title of an Attorney, which, according to old Dr. Cowel, was an ancient and honourable one, came to be regarded as a less dignified designation than that of a Solicitor. The sapient personages who drew the Judicature Bill of 1873 evidently thought that "Solicitor" sounded more genteel than "Attorney" did, else they would not have suppressed the last appellation.

In the matter of the beggar's "lucky bone"—it was part, you will remember, of a sheep's head—a Parisian correspondent tells me that in the United States, especially in New England, it is a common custom for people to carry in their pockets the lucky or "wish bone" of a "Thanksgiving" turkey, to bring them good fortune. The fragment, of course, like our merrythought, must be the larger half of a bone broken with a friend. Some of my English readers may be puzzled to know what a "Thanksgiving" turkey is. Obviously, it is the bird which forms the *pièce de résistance* at dinner on Thanksgiving Day, an annual festival of which the precise date is fixed, I believe, by the Governors of the different States of the Union. Quite recently fell Thanksgiving Day, in the U.S.A., when some millions of turkeys were slaughtered for festive purposes. Millions of turkeys! I seem to see the lifting of the eyebrows of astonishment and the smiling of the smile of incredulity. Millions of turkeys; well, why not? "You swore in your deposition," said a cross-examining counsel to a witness, "that the horse was sixteen feet high. Now, be careful. Do you persist in that statement?" "If I swore it," replied the undismayed witness, "*I'll stick to it.*" The last Thanksgiving Day I saw was in New York in 1880; and I know that everybody had turkey; yea, down to the paupers in the almshouses and the prisoners in the jails. Millions of turkeys. *I'll stick to it.*

"A.B." sends me, on a postal card from Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A., a slightly perplexing explanation of the expression "Guy-hooter," touching which I asked for information some weeks since. It was in an American publication that I found mention of "Guy-hooter." "A.B." says that he has never seen nor heard the word; but its meaning (so he thinks) is obvious. Guy means "a gag, or boisterously funny remark." "Hooter means one who hoots or cries out; hence 'Guy-hooter,' one who hoots or cries out guys or gags, or boisterously funny remarks." But, my good Sir, in colloquial English, "guy" has no affinity to "gag." "A gag" is the unwarrantable interpolation by an actor of words foreign to his part; and when an actor "gags" too much he is liable to be "guyed" or greeted with derisive disapprobation. Moreover, to "hoot" does not generally signify an articulate utterance—at least, anything more articulate than "Yah." "Guy-hooter" is still a mystery to me. When we use "Guy" as a noun, we do not mean a boisterous jest. We mean a figure stuffed with straw, with a short pipe in its mouth, a box of matches in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other—the "Guy" that we used to burn on the Fifth of November.

Are "Bath Olivers" a subject below notice? asks, on a "Carte Postale" from Boulogne-sur-Mer, my correspondent "Biscuit." No, "Biscuit." "Bath Olivers" are not below notice. *Homo sum*—you know the rest. At the same time, life is scarcely long enough to discourse about "Bath Olivers," because the discussion might stray thence to "Sally Luns," to "Abernethy" biscuits, to "Sir Watkin" pudding, to "Everton" toffy, to "Embden" groats, and to Scotch buns. I do not know when Oliver flourished as a baker at Bath, nor whether his "Olivers" should be made with chicken, or with mutton broth, or with water.

I looked in vain for "Bath Olivers" in a modest little pamphlet (the cost is but eightpence, and the publishers are Simpkin and Marshall) which has just reached me. The opusculum is entitled "Cheap Dinner Dishes," and the author is the lady who wrote the capital little book entitled "Supper Dishes for People with Small Means," which I noticed with commendation in this page, because I found the tiny manual altogether unpretending, practical, and clear. I am glad to find that this sixpenny-worth of common-sense (I have often thought of what a boon it should be to poor theatrical folk who come home late at night, and want something nice for supper) is now in its ninth edition. The eightpenny "Cheap Dinner Dishes" just published is as useful and as lucid as its predecessor. Try the lady's recipes for "Beef to imitate Goose," "Cabbage and Pancakes," "Curried Dumplings," "Duck in a Baking-jar," "Salt Fish and Bacon," and "Knuckle of Pork in Batter." The recipe (No. 58) for "Macaroni and Bacon, cold," is certainly a very adventurous dish; but I mean to try it when I reach home; it seems to promise something almost original in the way of a cheap cold entrée. In Rome they make a wonderful *timbale* of macaroni in which are intermingled morsels of poultry liver.—G. A. S.



1. Entrance to the Citadel.

2. View near Hué.

3. Minister's Residence.

4. Street in Hué.

5. Annamite Soldiers.



SKETCHES FROM "LORDS AND COMMONS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Happily, we have still a few good magicians in our midst—benevolent wizards who have transported us of late through a region of gloom designated “Horrible” or “Outcast London,” only to bring about, it is earnestly to be hoped, a brilliant Transformation Scene illustrative of a glowing Health Exhibition of Comfortable Homes for the Poor. In the meantime (while our legislators are carefully selecting the best pigments for this coming Transformation), will not some genial philanthropists come forward, and, repeating the grand juvenile treats of the past two festive seasons, invite a whole theatrical of Misery’s children to rejoice their eyes—for one glad afternoon of the New Year—with, say, the feast of brilliant colour and fairy pageantry presented by Mr. Augustus Harris in the fascinating “Christmas Annual” of “Cinderella” at Drury Lane? If “Cinderella” became the favourite nursery heroine of last Christmas by means of a certain copy of Mr. Milbais’s charming painting that circulated all the world over, it may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the bewitching Cinderella of Miss Kate Vaughan should carry off first honours this season. It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Harris to engage this remarkably graceful and winning lady for his pantomime, which has been written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard with all his old playful humour, and has been embellished with scenery of more than ordinary beauty by Mr. W. R. Beverly, the Turner of Drury Lane, and by Mr. W. Telbin, Mr. W. Perkins, and Mr. H. Emden. Put into a cheerful frame of mind at starting by an overture of popular airs skillfully played by Mr. Oscar Barrett’s powerful orchestra, the audience is well prepared for the festive proceedings in the courtyard of the Manor House on the occasion of Baron Fillettoville’s second marriage, duly signalled by a Honeymoon dance. Soon after, Cinderella herself appears in company with her two tyrannical and uncomely elder sisters, who lose no time in condemning her to drudgery in the kitchen of the Manor House, leaving her to work while they play. Here a departure is made from the course of the time-honoured nursery story; but, as a fairy brings about the change, even the veriest pedant may not grumble at the novelty, especially as the Fairy Queen Scintilla conjures up an enchanted Moonlight Glen, in which the Demon of Mischief declares war against her Majesty and her fays, whom she has commanded to protect Cinderella. What could now be more appropriate than a grand ballet—a grand ballet in the course of which night gives way to dazzling sunrise—to celebrate this event? Not tarrying for the famous ball to be taken captive by Cinderella, Prince Pastorelle enters the glen with his huntsmen, and first sees the object of his adoration. She eludes him, however. The Prince then seeks consolation and diversion as a Chappie in the Junior Johnnies’ Club. A ball is decided upon. Then comes the familiar kitchen-scene, with Cinderella sitting by the fireside bewailing her fate at not being invited with her sisters to the ball; and the appearance of the good fairy, with the change of the rats and mites to dainty ponies and footmen, and the pumpkin to a carriage, and the novel and magic way in which flying Mdlle. Aenea brings the glass slippers, and the felicitous employment of Madame Katti Laumer’s clever troupe of youthful dancers to deck and adorn Cinderella, cannot fail to afford huge delight to children. Nor will the little people for whose pleasure the Drury Lane pantomime is this year specially devised, and judiciously so, fail to appreciate with increasing wonder and admiration (after viewing a fine panorama) the elaborate and attractive procession of the heroes and heroines of Nursery lore in Mr. Beverly’s Magnificent Illuminated Palace Gardens. Radiant in silk attire, Cinderella proceeds in her carriage to the Prince’s ball; she dances with his highnesses a few but Miss Kate Vaughan can dance. Of course, the inevitable hour of Twelve comes, bidding Cinderella depart, the glass slipper dropped in her flight being eventually the medium by which the Prince finds her, and claims her as his bride. There only remains for the Fairy to punish the Demon of Mischief in the Castle of Ignorance; and the glories of Mr. Beverly’s Transformation to the Home of Love and Light prepares the way for the bustling fun in the Harlequinade, of which the inimitable Harry Payne is the animating spirit as Clown. The “Cat Catdrille” of the divertingly grotesque Rosa troupe of danseuses, and the “Real Hunt” should also be mentioned; and it should in justice to the most energetic of modern managers be stated that Mr. Harris has brought together a host of talented artistes to support Miss Kate Vaughan: among the foremost being Miss Kate Sullivan, Miss M. A. Victor, Mdlle. Palladino, Miss Minnie and Miss Dot Mario, Mr. Fred Storey, Mr. Harry Nichols, and Mr. Herbert Campbell.

The pantomime of “Red Riding Hood; or, Harlequin the Wizard and the Wolf,” at Her Majesty’s, reintroduces the merry family of the Vokeses. Written by Mr. Frank Green, the story does not follow the lines of the old familiar fable strictly; but it is none the less interesting for its slight departure from the tritely conventional. The little lady in the scarlet *chaperon* so far resembles Cinderella that she also has a fairy protectress—the Fairy Sweetlove—who wills that her favourite shall marry Prince Pelerin. But the Fates who fight against the Fairy Sweetlove and Red Riding Hood are an evil Magician, one Maligno, and his daughter, Venoma, who has long had her eye on the Prince. A successful revolution having placed the Prince on the throne, he is within an ace of being induced to marry Venoma, but in the nick of time he is undeceived, and declines to wed the venomous lady. Out of revenge for the slight cast upon his daughter, Maligno transforms Pelerin into a wolf—the wolf that subsequently threatens to eat little Red Riding Hood, but is checked by the opportune appearance of the Fairy Sweetlove. Restored to human shape, Prince Pelerin makes amends by espousing the heroine, thus paving the way for Mr. Albert Collett’s fine Transformation scene of “The Golden Glades of Aesthetic Beauty.” The aim at Her Majesty’s has been to invest “Red Riding Hood” with as much of the fun and rollicking spirit of the good old-fashioned pantomimes as possible, great pains having been taken by the management to elicit the laughter of children by the pranks of Boy Blue and his schoolmates in the Market Place, by a lively snowballing scrimmage, and by the comic business in Dame Riding Hood’s kitchen. Miss Victoria Vokes is the Red Riding Hood, Mr. Fred Vokes Prince Pelerin, Mr. J. T. Powers his servant Tiptoppo, Miss Jessie Vokes Miss Minerva Birchington; and among the other notable parts are the Chatter-box of Miss Clara Jecks, the Boy Blue of Miss Marie Williams, the Rosie Posie of Mrs. Fred Vokes; Miss Julia Seaman and Mr. T. F. Nye also acquitting themselves well in important rôles. The pantomime, produced by Mr. R. Barker, is likewise strong in ballet, the *première danseuse* being Mdlle. Sanpietro; and the Harlequinade being, furthermore, in experienced hands.

The enterprising lessee of Drury Lane has produced the Crystal Palace pantomime of “Blue Beard,” the libretto of which is written in pleasing fashion by Mr. Horace Lennard. There is little divergence from the time-honoured story of Fatima’s inquisitiveness and Blue Beard’s truculent behaviour. The tyrant is personified with commendable vigour by Mr. J. H. Milburn, while Miss Annie Poole is a tuneful Fatima. Much sprightliness is infused by the accomplished Mr. John D’Auban

and Miss Emma D’Auban as Shacabac and Selim, the latter being the favoured lover of Fatima; and the humours of the piece were increased by the cunning antics of the elephant, performed by Mr. A. and Mr. H. Lapino. The resplendent Transformation Scene of Mr. F. Fenton is worthy his reputation; and those accomplished pantomimists the Martinettis bring a good pantomime to a merry close in the Harlequinade, Mr. Paul Martinetti being an agile clown.

Considering the fame Mr. George Conquest won and deserved for the excellent pantomimes he used to favour the public with at the Grecian, expectation now invariably runs high, with good reason, at the Surrey. At this popular theatre Mr. Conquest has united with Mr. Henry Spry to produce “Jack and Jill, and the Well on the Hill; and the House that Jack Built after the Water Was Spilt.” Mr. George Conquest, junior, follows ably in his father’s footsteps, or, rather, astounding flights in this jocose combination of nursery stories, the merits of which deserve to be enumerated in detail on another occasion. For practical fun and broad humour, and for the “Terrific Phantom Fight,” the Surrey should, meantime, be visited. On the same side of the water, Messrs. Sangers’ Amphitheatre offers, in addition to equestrian scenes in the circus, of which Little Sandy is master of the revels, a grand spectacular pantomime, “Cinderella; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty,” in which there are a kangaroo hunt, “illustrating home life in Australia,” and a marvellous procession comprising a white elephant and the rich variety of animals wherewith the Brothers Sanger are wont to delight the country towns they visit with their menagerie and hippodramatic company. In Hoxton Mrs. Lane presents a new theme in “Queen Dido; or, Harlequin Babilo and the Three Wonders,” at the Britannia. Shoreditch revels in “Puss in Boots,” offered with particular feline attractions by Mr. John Douglas at the Standard. Merry Islington is made merrier with Mr. Frank Green’s “Jack and the Beanstalk,” at the Grand. At the Pavilion the heart of Whitechapel is bidden to rejoice in “Sindbad the Sailor.” At the Marylebone, “St. George” disposes of “the Dragon”—where do you think?—in the Illuminated Gardens of the Fisheries Exhibition.

The vivacious young American actress known in America as “the Dramatic Cocktail,” otherwise Lotta, on Saturday night last made her first appearance in England at the elegant theatre in the Strand known as the Opéra Comique. Miss Lotta, utterly unconventional and “pschutt,” has an expressive face, sparkling eyes, and a lissom figure of medium height. Her freshness, her unfeigned cheerfulness, even her wilful ways and abandon, would undoubtedly quickly make Miss Lotta a great favourite were she fitted with a suitable piece. The farrago of mystery, farce, and melodrama called “Musette,” in which Miss Lotta made her debut in London, is the very reverse of a suitable play either for Miss Lotta or any other artiste; and the sooner “Musette” is displaced by a piece closely fitted to the peculiar genius of Lotta the better will it be for the management. Our lively visitor not only acts with “vim,” but sings charmingly. Albeit it was an error of judgment which brought down upon Lotta a volley of hisses to commence by warbling with Billy Bokus the Moody and Sankey song, “In the Sweet By and By”—a vote of censure from a comparatively few malcontents that elicited from Lotta the exclamation of, “I don’t understand it, ladies and gentlemen!”—yet the quaintness of the debutante’s singing and dancing in the same company later on won for her a reassuring double encore. Save that Mr. James Fernandez, like a true artist, invested the rôle of Adelanta with individuality; and that the poor parts of Sir Hugh Tracy, Mr. Bokus, Billy Bokus, Maud, and Angela Darcy were well sustained by Mr. Arthur Dacre (likewise subjected to a reproachful salute from the immaculate “gods”), Mr. A. Wood, Mr. George Howard, Miss Kate Bishop, and Miss Florence Trevelyan, nothing further needs to be said of “Musette.” But we may be allowed to wish Miss Lotta complete success when she favours us with her impersonations of Little Nell and the Marchioness in the adaptation of Charles Dickens’s “Old Curiosity Shop” in which she has won renown throughout the United States.

A very diverting farcical entertainment is offered at the Royalty, which Mr. C. B. Cowper has re-opened with Mr. M. C. Salaman’s bright two-act piece of “Deceivers Ever,” and one of the best adaptations the London stage has for some time seen of a Palais Royal type of piece. This is “The Three Hats,” by Mr. Owen Dove and Mr. Alfred Maltby, the former of whom gives a clever bit of character, the cast also comprising Mr. Robert Brough, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. Earle L. Douglas, and Miss T. Hastings. G. A. S.

The Christmas holidays always find the Moore and Burgess Minstrels to the front with an inviting new programme of comic and sentimental negro minstrelsy. For fun and humour their present bill of fare compares favourably with those of past seasons at St. James’s Hall.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 A.M.				
December	9 30.202	36.2	30.7	82	10	38.6	32.5	SW.	102	0.005	
	10 29.881	41.6	41.1	59	10	47.6	35.7	SW.	325	0.340	
	11 29.717	44.8	36.5	76	7	50.1	40.6	WSW. WSW.	437	0.030	
	12 29.910	42.8	36.5	73	7	51.8	39.6	WSW.	605	0.010	
	13 29.893	51.6	44.9	80	9	54.8	39.4	WSW. W.	464	0.010	
	14 29.671	48.0	41.3	80	7	54.1	43.1	WSW. W.	457	0.040	
	15 29.687	47.9	36.7	78	7	45.4	37.9	WSW.	374	0.010	
	16 29.657	37.0	30.3	79	8	41.4	34.4	W. NNW.	405	0.040	
	17 39.371	36.7	31.8	84	9	39.0	34.5	N. NNW.	115	0.000	
	18 30.349	37.3	32.5	80	6	44.6	38.6	NNW. WNW.	170†	0.000	
	19 30.268	41.1	34.8	80	10	47.8	35.7	WSW. W.	280	0.000	
	20 29.971	44.5	41.4	88	10	48.5	40.3	WSW. WNW.	249	0.000	
	21 29.877	44.7	39.1	82	8	48.5	40.3	WSW. WNW.	249	0.000	
	22 29.916	46.9	41.4	83	8	50.3	42.1	WSW. WNW.	416	0.000	

* Snow. † At proximate.
The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—

FROM DECEMBER 9 TO DECEMBER 15.									
Barometer (in inches), corrected	30.202	29.717	29.910	29.705	29.609	29.624	29.840	29.876	29.946
Temperature of Air	36.2	44.8	42.8	44.2	51.6	48.0	47.9	47.9	48.0
Temperature of Evaporation	32.8	42.8	42.1	38.3	41.5	40.1	40.2	40.2	40.2
Direction of Wind	SW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.

FROM DECEMBER 16 TO DECEMBER 22.									
Barometer (in inches), corrected	29.730	30.338	30.411	30.335	30.028	29.876	29.946		
Temperature of Air	34.0	37.4	37.3	41.5	43.0	40.2	40.2		
Temperature of Evaporation	34.9	31.6	33.9	38.6	42.1	45.2	43.9		
Direction of Wind	NNW.	N.	WSW.	NNW.	W.	W.	W.		

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE
FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 5, 1884.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
2 22	2 40	2 57	3 15	3 32	3 50	4 7

“LORDS AND COMMONS.”

The scene that our Artist has selected for illustration is, indeed, the vital moment of Mr. Pinero’s successful Haymarket comedy, “Lords and Commons.” It is a love scene; and as love is the first principle of stage romance, so it is here that the pulse of the play begins to beat quickly. In early life the youth who eventually becomes Lord Caryl has behaved extremely badly to the girl he has sworn to love, honour, and cherish. A boy-and-girl attachment has ended in an imprudent marriage. And when the boy discovers that the girl is illegitimate, he severs the knot by cruelly deserting her. As Mr. William Archer has pointed out in a very able article, here is one of the false notes in the English comedy. In Sweden such a *mésalliance* might have been intolerable: the situation is at least feasible in a Swedish romance; but few Englishmen in society as at present constituted would reject the woman they loved on account of a blot on the escutcheon for which the girl is wholly blameless. On the contrary, a chivalrous Englishman would be proud to defend a woman so ill-used by fate. However, as the play goes, the young people separate. Their subsequent meeting is as tragic as it is full of destiny. Mrs. Devenish, having acquired a fortune in America, comes to humiliate the Caryls: Lord Caryl supports the dignity of his family name under tremendous odds. Naturally enough, they fall in love. No Montagus or Capulets were more socially opposed to one another; but love levels all. In vain Mrs. Devenish endeavours to crush Lord Caryl’s pride by offering him a salaried position on her estate; in vain she wrestles with her own inclination. The woman is the victim of her own preconcerted plan. She spreads the net and gets entangled in the toils, and Mrs. Devenish, radical and commoner, has to bow down to the superior sway of her master—Lord Caryl. These love scenes that form such a striking feature in Mr. Pinero’s play are admirably interpreted by Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Forbes Robertson, the two happiest representatives of youthful fervour and dramatic passion. The lady is distinguished by her presence and her pride, the man by his tenderness and truth. In the scene depicted Mrs. Devenish is wavering and half yielding to the love attack of a man who is prepared to sacrifice name, position, pride, prejudice and self-esteem for the sake of the all powerful master—love. It is a charming scene, eloquently rendered.

TWO POETICAL GIFT-BOOKS.

Among the choicest volumes in external beauty and interior value issued recently by our publishers are selections of poetry. They form some of the favourite gift-books of the season, and deserve the welcome they receive. Here are two books from the house of Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. that merit more than the few words of comment for which we can find space—*Old World Idylls, and other Verses*, by Austin Dobson; and a selection from the poetry of three centuries, entitled *English Lyrics*.

Mr. Dobson’s dainty volume consists, with a few exceptions, of pieces chosen from his *Vignettes in Rhyme, and Proverbs in Prose*. As the author of occasional verses, half humorous, half pathetic, he is excelled by no living writer, unless it be Mr. Frederick Locker. His art is delicate and subtle, with a quaint eighteenth-century look about it that is very attractive. For some of it he is indebted to a far earlier period, and the scholarly spirit which inspires several of these lively pieces makes them infinitely pleasant. Mr. Dobson is as successful, perhaps, as Mr. Swinburne in the use he makes of French forms of verse; but the brilliant efforts of these poets only serve to prove that the mechanism of such verses does not suit our English tongue. We admire the skilful art exhibited in the roundel, the triolet, and the villanelle by these masters in verse; but to exercise art on these cunning forms seems in a measure to waste it, the shape becoming almost inevitably of more importance than the substance. However, these essays in old French forms occupy only a small portion of a volume that can be read and re-read, and will be the more appreciated the better it is known. If anyone doubts Mr. Dobson’s pathetic power, let him turn to “The Child Musician” and “The Cradle.”

English Lyrics necessarily provokes a comparison with Mr. Palgrave’s *Golden Treasury*, which has a reputation of more than twenty years. The anonymous editor of this rival volume is so much of a purist that he puts the ode out of the pale of lyric poetry, and not only all narrative and didactic poems, but the ballad also. We admit that the ballad generally is not a lyric, but there are ballads that have the emotion and music which belong to this class of poetry. Spenser, like Burns, is omitted altogether. Yet where can we find a poem of the highest order of lyrical excellence if the “Epithalamium” be rejected? And who, if we except the rare outbursts of Shakspeare, can compete with Burns as a lyricist? Accurately speaking, no doubt, his finest songs are not *English*, but he belongs to England as much as Shakspeare, or his own countryman, Sir Walter Scott, and, like them, is read wherever English is spoken. We may add that if several well-known poets are omitted who appear in Mr. Palgrave’s *Treasury*, many early versemen are brought forward who have a fair claim to the honour bestowed on them. No one could have formed a collection like this without much consideration and much reading.

At a recent meeting of the Bangor Town Council, Major Henry Platt, the first Mayor elected under the charter of incorporation, presented the Corporation with a mayoral chain of office, two silver maces, and a loving cup.

It was stated at the half-yearly meeting of the Chelsea Waterworks Company that the directors had determined loyally to accept the decision in the Dobbs case, which, it was believed, would not materially diminish their income.

Mr. H. H. Johnston will give a discourse on “Kilimanjaro, the snow-clad mountain of Equatorial Africa,” at the Royal Institution, on Friday evening, Jan. 25. Professor Bonney’s discourse on “The Building of the Alps,” announced for that evening, will be given on April 4.

Sir William Harcourt presided yesterday week at a banquet in the Derby Drill-Hall to Mr. Speight, who has been appointed chairman of the Victorian Railways, after long experience on the Midland Railway. He was presented with a silver dessert service, an address, and £2000.

Yesterday week being Bounty Day, the Sadlers’ Company voted donations amounting to £771 15s., which were distributed as follows:—Hospitals, £257 5s.; dispensaries, £26 5s.; schools, £31 10s.; asylums, institutions, &c., £267 15s.; poor boxes, £63; Philanthropic Society for Bread and Coal Tickets, &c., previously voted, £126.

A Christmas Annual, bearing the suggestive and appetising title of “Walnuts and Wine,” edited by Mr. Augustus M. Moore, has just been brought out by the Strand Publishing Company. Its richly-varied contents, provided by authors of note, form a pleasant intermixture of grave and gay, redounding to the credit of the editor as well as of the numerous writers.



DRESSED FOR THE OPERA. BY E. TOFANO.
EXHIBITED IN MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

INDIAN TROOP-SHIP FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Some of the troops sent out from England in the past autumn for the relief of those serving in India have been obliged to go round the Cape, a voyage of fifty days, on account of the cholera in Egypt and the quarantine regulations embarrassing the route by the Suez Canal. The 43rd Light Infantry were thus conveyed to Madras by the well-known Indian troop-ship, H.M.S. Serapis, which had, of course, to cross the Line twice on this voyage. On the second occasion of crossing, which happened on Thursday, Oct. 26, the officers and ladies, and other passengers on board this ship, got up a fancy-dress ball, which was very pleasant and amusing. Much ingenuity, as well as taste, was shown by many ladies and gentlemen, in contriving a variety of fancy costumes made out of the limited materials to be got from the wardrobes of passengers at sea. We are indebted to Lieutenant F. G. Cardew, of the 43rd, for a sketch of this lively scene.

THE LAW COURTS CLOCK AND BELLS.

The clock projecting over the street at Temple Bar, 100 ft. high, from the south-eastern tower of the Royal Courts of Justice, was set working on Tuesday week, together with the six bells, the largest of which, striking the hours, weighs above three tons, and has a fine, deep, soft tone, of very agreeable quality. This bell is of 5 ft. 10 in. diameter across the lips, 5 ft. high to the top of the crown, and 5½ in. thick at the sound-bow; it is composed of seventeen parts of copper to five parts of Cornish tin. The works of the clock are within the tower, so that the weight on the iron brackets hidden within the stonework is only that of the dials and the hands, or between 6 cwt. and 7 cwt. altogether. Of the clock the chief points to note are that it is fitted with a Denison's gravity escapement and a patent remontoir arrangement, by which the minute hand is made to move like that of the clock at St. James's Palace—which was constructed by the same makers—every half minute. A compensating pendulum, 15 ft. in length, with a bob weighing 3 cwt., gives two seconds beats. The dials on each side, the one facing up the Strand, the other facing down Fleet-street, are of 8 ft. 6 in. diameter, and are framed of cast-iron, with white opal glass, so placed as to be illuminated at night with very good effect. The manufacturers of the clock and bells are Messrs. Gillett and Co., of Croydon. Our illustrations show a few visitors inspecting the interior works, at the time when the clock and bells were set going.

THE FRENCH WAR IN TONQUIN.

The news of the capture of Sontay by the French, under the command of Admiral Courbet, on Dec. 17, after an assault the previous day upon the outworks of the fortress, in which the troops, the marines, and the sailors had above two hundred killed and wounded, seems likely to bring about a crisis in the dispute between France and China. Another important event is the death, supposed to be by poison, of the King of Tonquin or Annam, named Tiep Hoa, who was a mere tool of French policy, and who is now replaced by a boy of fifteen, Kien Phua, under the influence of the Chinese party in that country. The professed object of the French is to put down the Annamese insurgents and the Chinese "Black Flags" who resist the execution of a compulsory treaty, by which the native ruler of Tonquin has been made to give up to France the ports and towns at the mouths of the Songkoi river. These places, of which Haiphong is the most important, have been occupied by the French, but their garrisons are still harassed by hostile bands of increasing force. About one hundred miles up the river is the city of Hanoi, the capital of Tonquin, above which, and out of reach of the ships of war, are Sontay and Bacninh, commanding the roads inland from that city. Bacninh, on the north side, about twenty miles from the capital and from the river, commands the road to China; and was lately held by the troops of the Chinese Government. The Chinese frontier is a hundred miles distant; but, as Tonquin is claimed as a vassal State dependent on the Chinese Empire, it is understood that a French advance to Bacninh will be regarded as an act of war against China.

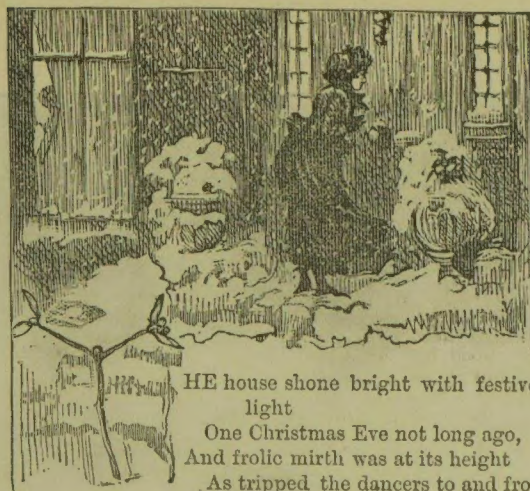
The French base of operations by sea against Tonquin is the sea-port of Hué, on the coast of Cochin China, three hundred miles south of the Songkoi. Its situation along that coast is intermediate between Tonquin and the French commercial settlement of Saigon, at the southern extremity of the peninsula whose eastern shores are popularly called by the name of Cochin China. We present sketches of Hué, which was bombarded and captured by the French last year, under the pretext of suppressing piracy, but which has been made a stepping-stone to the conquest of Tonquin. It is a fortified town, on the river Truong Tien, which has been turned to use for defence, and forms on the south a barrier quite impassable save by boats, which are exposed to fire from the ramparts. On the other three sides a canal, supplied by this river, cuts off Hué from the adjoining territory. The river and canal are crossed by six wooden bridges, but form only the outer defence of Hué, as an inner canal not only surrounds the fortress, but on the northern sides casts two loops round it. Hué is, therefore, protected on every side by two broad canals or fosses, and on one side, the north, by three. Ten bridges connect the place with the strip of land lying between the two canals, and this space is utilised for a military review ground. The fortifications of Hué were strengthened by Tuduc after the Franco-Spanish expedition of 1861. The walls are of brick, and very high, with both bastions and glacis in proper order. All the gates are solidly built at the foundation, and each is surmounted by a square tower of red brick, having an opening at each side and a gallery round. The roof, of which the upper part is crowned with a ball of golden masonry with an arrow issuing from it, is covered with red tiles; at the four angles are bell towers, ornamented with a number of small bells, which, when agitated by the wind, give forth a dull and monotonous sound. These towers are used by the sentries in the night, after the closing of the gates. The French Resident Minister, M. Champeaux, is now at Hué, with a guard of one hundred men of the Marine Infantry.

Her Majesty has conferred the Lord Lieutenancy of Berkshire upon the Marquis of Ailesbury, in the room of Earl Craven, deceased.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, chairman of the English committee, has received from the Swiss Government a copy of a draught convention for the formation of a general union for the protection of the rights of authors in their literary and artistic work.

The Rev. R. Edgar Williams, M.A., Vicar Designate of Sompert, Sussex, has been presented with a silver private communion set by the teachers of the parish day schools of Christ Church, Mayfair, and a massive brass inkstand, with a pair of candlesticks, by members of the Mothers' Meeting of the same parish, in which Mr Williams has been curate for nearly five years.

A Christmas Carol.



HE house shone bright with festive light
One Christmas Eve not long ago,
And frolic mirth was at its height
As tripped the dancers to and fro.

They heard the joy-bells gaily pealing,
In pauses of the dance and song;
A low sweet voice came stealing,
And quickly hushed the merry throng.

"Good gentlemen and ladies sweet—
(Thus sadly ran the simple ditty)—
Amid this storm of snow and sleet
I supplicate your tender pity.

"Not for myself alone I plead;
But for a widowed mother dear,
Who lies at home, in direst need,
I stand a humble suppliant here.

My story now I need not tell—
Of one who played a treacherous part,
Or how from wealth my parents fell,
And how it broke my father's heart.

"Enough, that I am left alone
To tend my mother's dying bed—
I who now make this piteous moan
For just enough to buy her bread.

"The pity once we gladly gave
A slightest wailing of distress,
That pity now I humbly crave—
O give me of your bounteousness!

"So may you all have partners meet;
And in the dance's gayest round,
When quickest move your flying feet,
May each heart beat with merrier bound!

"So may your love meet kindred love,
Through life to smooth the roughest way!
And every blessing from above
Be yours, kind gentlefolk, I pray!"

Now whether it befel by reason
Of that sad carol's tender strain,
Or influence of the sacred season,
All hearts were touched with pity's pain.

But chief the gayest maiden there—
Sole daughter of the house was she—
Felt sorely troubled by the prayer,
Which struck strange chords of memory.

That sweet sad voice an echo woke
Of schoolgirl days and one dear friend;
Swift from the wondering group she broke,
Resolved the anxious doubt to end.

The door thrown wide, a flood of light
Fell on a well-remembered face—
She rushed into the storm and night,
And clasped her in a warm embrace.

And while they sobbed and laughed and wept,
The snowstorm ceased, the moon shone out,
The winds, as sympathising, slept,
And pealed the bells their merriest bout.

JOHN LATEY.

"DRESSED FOR THE OPERA."

The soft elegance of this high-bred beauty, depicted by E. Tofano in the work copied for our Engraving, exhibited at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket, has a peculiar charm; and her attire, in readiness to attend the Opera, with the tasteful head-dress of flowers, the folds of lace and muslin about her shoulders, and the light cloak, trimmed with swan's-down, gracefully draped around the figure, is perfectly becoming to such a person, as well as suitable to the occasion. She is evidently one of the princesses or youthful queens of fashionable society, whose presence is looked for at the most brilliant fêtes, garden parties, receptions, soirées, and balls of the London season, and whose sole duty in life is to seem amiable, till a more serious engagement, that of matrimony, shall put to the test her capacity for the ruling of a household and the sharing of a husband's cares. In the meantime, such a fair creature, enjoying, apparently, the desired advantages of position and outward accomplishment, is an agreeable object to contemplate; and, when she takes her seat in the front circle, many eyes and glasses will be turned to gaze upon her; but she has become accustomed to that sort of public homage, and the serenity of her mind is not easily disturbed.

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THE COURT.

The Queen's Christmas circle at Osborne included, with Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar also visited her Majesty. Divine service was attended by the Royal family on Sunday at Whippingham church. On Christmas Eve their Royal Highnesses distributed gifts from the Queen at Barton to the school children attending Whippingham school, to the widows on the Osborne estate, and to the labourers and their wives. Her Majesty, with her family circle, attended Divine service on Christmas Day, performed at Osborne by the Rev. Canon Prothero. Daily drives and rides have been taken by the Royal family in the island. Colonel the Hon. H. Byng attended the funeral of the late Dowager Countess of Lisburne at West Cowes, on the part of the Queen. Her Majesty's Royal Bounty to the poor of the metropolis and its environs, and also to others in certain country districts, was distributed at the Almonry office, Whitehall, previous to Christmas, the persons relieved in sums of 5s. and 13s. each exceeding 1250.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, previous to their departure from Wynyard Park yesterday (Friday) week, received an address presented by a deputation from the Local Board of Seaham Harbour, expressive of the loyalty of the inhabitants of the district. Subsequently their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Lord and Lady Londonderry and the house party at Wynyard, drove to Stockton, escorted by a detachment of the 5th Dragoon Guards. The town was en fête, and an enthusiastic reception was accorded the Royal visitors. Addresses were presented, and the Princess received a bouquet from a little granddaughter of the Mayor. Their Royal Highnesses left afterwards for town. The Duke of Cambridge lunched at Marlborough House the next day, the Prince and Princess going to Sandringham in the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses, with Prince Albert Victor and their daughters, were at the parish church on Sunday. The usual distribution of Christmas cheer to the poor and those employed on the Norfolk Royal estates was made on Christmas Eve at Sandringham, the Prince and Princess, and their family, being present, and giving hearty good wishes to all. 1200 lb. of meat were given among some 700 recipients. Divine service was attended by the Royal circle on Christmas Day at St. Mary Magdalene's Church in the park, which was beautifully decorated.

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, 1884.

Every year with Christmas comes a new edition of Sir Bernard Burke's important and most useful work, "The Peerage and Baronetage." The dignities it accurately records are part and parcel of the history of the country, recalling all the great events of the past, and chronicling the thousands of incidents of the present. The Peers and Baronets, their memoirs and their doings, occupy much of the public attention. Their movements are given in newspapers of all shades of politics and of all grades of society. Hence arises the continuous interest taken in this work, which supplies, with admirable minuteness and perfect correctness, the information so eagerly sought for. The present edition has had the advantage of the co-operation of Lyon King of Arms, a very accomplished and learned Scottish genealogist, who, Sir Bernard tells us in his preface, has with infinite pains examined and revised the details of the Scotch titles.

The year 1883—that is, the year intervening between December, 1882, and December, 1883—shows a mortality above the average among the Peers. No less than twenty-five have passed away—viz., the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Donegall, the Earls of Stamford and Warrington, Wemyss, Westmeath, Somers, Mountcashell, Chesterfield, and Craven; Viscounts Ashbrook and Avonmore; and Lords Greville, Castletown, Vaux of Harrowden, Egerton of Tatton, Sherborne, Haldon, Talbot de Malahide, O'Neill, Vernon, Rokeby, Louth, Congleton, Overstone, and Howard of Glossop. Within the same time, thirty-five Baronets, a number also above the average, have died. Four extinctions have occurred in the Peerage, the Earldoms of Warrington and Somers and the Baronies of Rokeby and Overstone, and seven in the Baronetage—viz., Copley, Phillips, Bernard, Corrigan, Bourne, Williams of Kars, and Mackenzie of Kilcoy. There has been one promotion among the Peers, that of Lord Chancellor Selborne to an Earldom. Several Baronet creations have been made.

A new decoration, instituted by her Majesty—the Royal Red Cross—for the purpose of rewarding services rendered in nursing the sick and wounded of the Army and Navy. The list, headed by the Princess of Wales, the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Teck, includes, besides these Royal Ladies, Viscountess Strangford, Lady Loyd-Lindsay, and thirty-two other recipients.

A MISSION IN DEFENCE OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND HISTORICAL ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

During the past few weeks some important meetings, presided over by Bishop Cloughton, Chaplain-General of the Forces, have been held, at which a mission has been organised, the object being to endeavour to adopt some efficient means to cope with the scepticism of the day. The patrons are the Bishops of London, Winchester, Bath and Wells, Lichfield and Worcester; and the committee is composed of a number of noblemen and gentlemen.

This committee has appointed Dr. Samuel Kinns, F.R.A.S., author of "Moses and Geology," whose earnestness and scientific attainments are so well known, to conduct the Mission, by visiting the chief towns of England, Wales, and Scotland, and delivering, in each, drawing-room and public lectures upon the scientific and historical accuracy of the Bible, which will be illustrated with models, diagrams, and geological specimens. The opening lecture of the Mission will be given by Dr. Kinns in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral on Jan. 3 next, when the Dean will preside.

If the secretaries of provincial institutions will place themselves in communication with the honorary secretary of the London committee, Dr. Jabez Hogg, 1, Bedford-square, he will endeavour to arrange the dates with Dr. Kinns for visiting them.

The treasurer, Sir Thomas Chambers, M.P., 63, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, will be pleased to receive contributions to the fund for the support of the Mission; or they may be paid in to his account at Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co.'s Bank, 20, Birchin-lane, E.C.

The weekly arrivals at Liverpool of live stock and fresh meat from the United States and Canada still continue on a large scale, the total supply being 1300 cattle, 6610 quarters of beef, 630 carcasses of mutton, and 104 hogs.

The Duke of Newcastle has made an abatement of 20 per cent to his tenantry upon their rents. This has been done by the noble Duke for the last three years.—Lord Houghton has remitted half a year's rent to the tenantry on his Lincolnshire estates.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: A DERVISH PREACHING THE HOLY WAR TO ARAB CHIEFS.

JOE BARKER'S CHRISTMAS POST.

"Mind you're home in time for our Christmas dinner," was the cheery admonition of little Polly, the bright-eyed ten-year old daughter and housekeeper of Joe Barker, as he sallied forth on Christmas morning from his humble dwelling in Grindstone Park, W.C. And "Mind you're home in time for dinner," rang in Joe's ears as he manfully trudges along his beat, bending beneath a heavier burden of missives in envelopes and hamper and parcels than any of her Majesty's active and trusty postmen bore on Christmas Day. "I'll do my best," mused poor Joe; "it will never do to let Polly and the little ones wait when the turkey's red hot, and the pudding's done! But I ain't a 'Garden' porter, and—confound the Parcels Post!" Down fell the packet of assorted letters from his hand; and he made a gallant endeavour to stoop to reconquer them;

But he did, though he didn't know how, in the words of Corney Grain's mirthful comic song. Rat tat at number one? "I'll trouble you to help yourself, Mary, to the top hamper!" "Why, certainly, Mr. Barker! We'd almost given our goose and what not up. I was just going to fetch a joint from the butcher's!" "Ah! that's one load off my mind, Mary! Don't tantalise me with that bit of mistletoe! Pity a poor fellow when he's down! I'll come for my kiss and Christmas box in the morning!" "Git along with you, you old Don June!" "June! I feel more like December, a-labouring under a porter's knot, Mary!" retorted Joe as the door was slammed in his face. Yet Joe kept on pegging away. His knees trembled under him. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck. Yet pluck wouldn't lighten load—legs wouldn't walk quick—back wouldn't keep firm—knocks wouldn't quench thirst—and Joe Barker feared he would never get home by night. It was a stile that was mountainous compared with the stile the little old woman and her pig couldn't get over. It was the newest style of heaping Pelion on Ossa. Joe, strive as he would, couldn't materially lighten his burden even when one o'clock came, and the street grew lively with beaming people hieing home from church and chapel, full of glad expectations of Christmas fare and Christmas merriment. "Mind you're home in time for dinner, father!" recurred to doleful Joe Barker. And beads of perspiration broke out in his wrinkled forehead. Past one o'clock; and he knew the turkey would be brownly basking in front of the fire, roasted to a turn, and dished; knew that plum-pudding would be steaming on a dish on the deal dresser; and with a sigh murmured, "Wouldn't my poor dear old woman have given me a wiggling! Bless if I don't think dear little Polly, who takes after her mother, won't give me some of her sass! Why, oh! why should Fawcett turn me into a Sindbad, and set the weightiest Old Man of the Sea I ever see on my back?"

"Why, father, you have had a good after-dinner sleep—and a good dream, too! Phil and Josie and me had a good laugh when we heard you talking of Mistletoe and Mary—who is Mary?—and kisses, and Sindbad!"

"Bless me, Polly! I have been dreaming a funny dream," said Joe Barker, as he stretched himself in his well-worn armchair, and, adroitly avoiding Polly's leading question regarding the mistletoe and Mary, added, "'Twas that extrey help of pudding did it, Polly! Why, I actually dreamt I was postman and parcels post all in one! As for 'Sindbad,' Polly, I shall have a pocketful of Christmas boxes to-morrow; and you won't find me groaning under that load, never fear! I shall take you and Josie and Master Phil yonder to the first matinee of 'Sindbad, the Sailor,' or 'Cinderella,' at Drury Lane—which pantomime shall it be, my dears?"

It need hardly be added the little ones sent up a unanimous shout for "Cinderella," most delightful of nursery stories for a Christmas pantomime.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who is in his eighty-first year, held an ordination in the cathedral on Sunday.

Mr. Gladstone was presented on Saturday, by a deputation of working men from Derby, with a beautifully-finished service of porcelain, accompanied by an address of congratulation to the right hon. gentleman on his long and successful public career. The presentation was made by Mr. Norman, the chairman of the committee, the deputation having been introduced to the Premier by the Home Secretary. The Prime Minister replied, conveying his profound thanks for such a work of art. He referred to the great progress made in recent years in porcelain manufacture, and expressed his belief that at the present moment England stood higher in the production of porcelain than any other country in the world. Alluding to the extension of the franchise, he said a measure would ultimately, and he hoped very soon, be presented to Parliament. He had no fear of enlargement of the suffrage, for the experience of the past had shown that the admission of the people to the franchise would give more strength to the Throne and to law, and conduce to greater union of classes among themselves. In this matter her Majesty's Ministers were under pledges from which they could not escape if they were disposed, and they were not disposed.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 25.

What more eloquent reminder could one have that one is a stranger in a strange land than the fact of having to "sling ink," as the Yankees say, on Christmas Day? Why, even the bookmakers of the Rue de Hanovre have taken the Calais mail and gone to eat the traditional goose and plum-pudding in the bosom of their families. Happily, the Anglo-Saxons have a knack of carrying with them the habits and customs of the fatherland wherever they go, so you may be assured that the English colony in Paris, your humble servant included, will celebrate Christmas this evening worthily, and devour goose and plum-pudding and truffled turkey and heaps of other provocatives of indigestion. For the Parisian Christmas, or Noël, is, above all, a children's festival: on Christmas Eve all the young folk, even the bantlings of Freethinkers and Anarchists, place their shoe in the fire-place in the real or feigned belief that Noël will come down the chimney in the course of the evening and deposit a provision of toys. It is true that some precocious little creatures dare to cast doubts upon Noël's existence. "Il ne faut pas nous la faire," they say. "It is Aunt Julie who brings the toys." At any rate, toys there are, and the little folk are happy. Paris is simply delivered over to armies of lead soldiers, wooden cannons, brilliantly dressed dolls, and dreadful instruments for producing noise, which are classed by the dealers under the generic title of "la tranquillité des

by Chamerot. The etchings are ten in number. Oddly enough, M. Tissot has lived so long in England that, in spite of himself, he has made Renée look like an English girl.—The popularity of Arthur Young's "Voyages en France, pendant les Années 1787, 1788, 1789," seems to remain unimpaired, in spite of the course of years. A new edition, in two volumes, has just been issued by Guillaumin.—French University statistics: Last year the number of students inscribed on the books of the Faculty of Jurisprudence was 4848, but out of this number only 3542 have made any pretence of studying, and only 800 or 900 are real students who came to lectures; the rest, says the report, are "amateurs" or "irréguliers." At the Faculty of Medicine, out of 4200 students inscribed 1200 only study seriously. Seven thousand "amateurs" and "irreguliers"! How many Musettes and Mimi Pinsons, and how many beer-shops and haunts of idleness does this figure imply! T. C.

On Tuesday Sir Savile Lumley was received with due ceremony by the King of Italy at the Quirinal, and presented his credentials as British Ambassador to his Majesty.

The German Crown Prince left Rome at midnight on Thursday week, and was accompanied to the railway station by the King, the Duke D'Aosta, and all the principal authorities of the kingdom.

On Wednesday week the German Emperor and Empress gave the usual annual dinner to the Ambassadors, all of whom were present, together with Count Hatzfeldt, Count Moltke, and a few other distinguished personages.—The Landtag has adjourned till Jan. 8.

The Crown Prince of Portugal arrived at Lisbon on the 21st inst. from his visit to London.—An earthquake shock was felt at half-past one last Saturday morning at Lisbon, and was followed by a second about two hours later. Some old buildings and tall chimneys were damaged.

The Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies has tendered his resignation.—The Colonial section of the Budget has been altered into a vote of credit for six months.

The finishing stone of the new harbour at Trieste was laid on Wednesday week by Baron Pino, the Minister of Commerce, in the presence of a distinguished company. All the vessels in the harbour were decorated, and the town generally was en fête.

The Emperor of Russia has been thrown out of a sledge, owing to the horse shying; and his right shoulder was injured.

A fire broke out on Sunday morning in a school-house in Constantinople, occupied by the German Jews. Many of the children saved their lives by leaping from the windows into blankets held in the streets; but nineteen charred bodies have been found, and thirty children are missing.

OBITUARY.

SIR GILBERT FRANKLAND LEWIS, BART.

The Rev. Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis, third Baronet, of Harpton Court, county Radnor, J.P., M.A., died on the 18th inst., at his seat near Kington. He was born July 21, 1808, the second son of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, Bart. (created a Baronet in 1846), by Harriet, his wife, fourth daughter of Sir George Cornwall, Bart., of Moccas, and succeeded to the title at the death, in 1863, of his distinguished brother, the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Bart., M.P. The Baronet whose decease we record was educated at Eton, and at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and, entering holy orders, became Rector of Monington-on-Wye, Herefordshire, and was Canon Residentiary of Worcester from 1856 to 1881. He married, Aug. 3, 1843, Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., and leaves one surviving son, now Sir Herbert Edmund Frankland Lewis, fourth Baronet, born March 31, 1846, and two daughters, Mary Anna and Elinor.

SIR EVAN MACKENZIE, BART.

Sir Evan Mackenzie, second Baronet, of Kilcoy, Ross-shire, J.P. and D.L., died in London on the 28th inst. He was born on Aug. 15, 1816, the second son of Sir Colin Mackenzie, Colonel Commandant of the Ross-shire Militia and Vice-Lieutenant and Convener of that county (who was created a Baronet in 1836), by Isabella, his wife, daughter of Ewen Cameron, of Glenevis, and was educated at Eton. He succeeded to the title in 1845. He married, Nov. 2, 1844, Sarah Anna Philomena, daughter of Mr. James Parkes, of the county of Londonderry, and had one son, Colin Charles, late Lieutenant 79th Highlanders, who died, unmarried, in 1880; and four daughters. As he leaves no male issue, the baronetcy expires. The deceased Baronet was tenth in direct male descent from Alexander Mackenzie, youngest son of Colin, eleventh Baron, of Kintail.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Edward John Thurlow, LL.B., grandnephew of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, on the 14th inst., at 29, Clarges-street, aged ninety-five.

Mr. Francis Garden Fraser, of Findrack, Aberdeenshire, J.P., on the 6th inst., at Stuttgart. He was heir male of the Findrack branch of the Frasers of Durris, and heir general of Baird of Auchmedden.

Lieutenant-General James William Domville, Royal Artillery, second son of Dr. James Domville, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, formerly of Greenwich Hospital, on the 19th ult., at St. John's, New Brunswick.

William Gosling, landscape and figure painter in oil and water colour, on the 6th inst., aged fifty-nine. He was elected a member of the Society of British Artists in 1852, and has exhibited there and at the Academy since that time. He was attacked with angina pectoris on Sept. 22 last, since which date he had been under constant medical attendance. He died quite suddenly, at Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames, where he had lived for twenty-eight years.

On Monday evening the crew of the Eastbourne life-boat were presented publicly by the Mayor (Mr. G. Ambrose Wallis, C.E.) with a town subscription of about £70.

At the Cork Assizes last Saturday night the trial of the men charged with the Mayo murder conspiracy terminated in a disagreement of the jury save as regarded one prisoner, O'Halloran, who was acquitted.—Five of the ten men charged with complicity in the dynamite outrages in Glasgow have been sentenced to penal servitude for life; the other five to seven years' penal servitude.—William Wolff and Edward Bondurand, the two men who are charged with having explosives in their possession for the supposed purpose of blowing up the German Embassy, have been committed for trial bail being refused.



JOE BARKER'S CHRISTMAS POST.

enfants et l'embêtement des parents." As usual, the boulevards are lined with little wooden booths for the sale of toys and all kinds of useless articles; the streets are crowded; everybody is laden with parcels. Last night the churches were crowded, on the occasion of the midnight masses; but there were very few people at the restaurants. The age of suppers seemed to be past, and the Réveillon of 1883 was the duller I have ever seen in Paris.

M. Jules Ferry is naturally in a state of high glee. The Tonquin credits have been voted; the Budget of 1884 has been voted; and, just in time to make the holidays pleasant, news has arrived of a victory in Tonquin. At the cost of eighty-five killed and 240 wounded, Admiral Courbet has made himself master of the town and citadel of Sontay. This victory delights everybody in France; it avenges the massacre of Henri Rivière, it facilitates the task of the Government, and it shows—at least the French think so—that the Army of the Republic is capable of making France respected, as well in Europe as in the East.

Sarah Bernhardt, who has recently made herself conspicuous by horsewhipping a malicious actress who had written an abominable and calumnious book about her, has appeared at the Porte Saint-Martin theatre in a new drama, in verse, by M. Jean Richepin. The piece is entitled "Nana Sahib," from the name of the hero, who, it will be remembered, was a prominent personage in the history of the Indian Mutiny. Everything in the drama is excessive, except the interest; the verse, the epithets, the passions, the slaughter, the musketry, the brilliancy of the scenery—everything is unmeasured. It cannot be described as a complete success; but people will doubtless go to see it during a month or so for the sake of the scenery and for the sake of the delicious poses of Sarah Bernhardt.

M. Jules Tissot, who has abandoned London hospitality and returned definitively to Paris, has executed a charming series of etchings to illustrate the most delicate and touching novel of the brothers De Goncourt, "Renée Mauperin." This édition de luxe, of which only five hundred copies have been printed, is published by Charpentier, and beautifully printed

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

"A Dervish Preaching the Holy War," is the subject of our Artist's drawing, intended to show the character of the present attempt to rouse Moslem fanaticism among the wild and warlike nations of East Africa, who are incited to follow the conquering standard of the Mahdi, from Kordofan and Darfour to the Nubian coast of the Red Sea. The barbaric chieftains of that region, who carry on a gainful traffic, principally in kidnapped slaves, with Bornou and other countries to the west, even as far as the Niger, possess much wealth, and command a great amount of fighting force. They have plenty of horses, guns, and ammunition, while the iron manufactures practised by natives of the Soudan will supply the largest army of inferior soldiers with lances and swords. These are often made of the peculiar shape to be observed in our Illustration, which represents also the small target slung at the swordsman's elbow. The scimitar, or curved sabre of the Turkish pattern, and the cartridge-belt usually worn by Albanians, may have been taken as the spoils of an enemy slain in battle. Helmets with spikes on the top, and pieces of chain-mail to protect the neck and breast, have from the time of the Saracens, who were similarly attired, been much in vogue among the captains of warfare in Darfour and the lands adjacent. These people belong to a different race from the so-called Arabs of the region north of Khartoum and east of the Nile; but they are in constant communication with the Arab traders of Dongola, and it is believed that an extensive league has been formed to overthrow the Egyptian dominion throughout the Soudan. The person calling himself "the Mahdi," or divinely-inspired leader, is Mohammed Ahmed, a native of Dongola, but has resided at Khartoum, at Berber, and in a cave on the island of Aba, near Kana, on the White Nile. He is connected by marriage with several of the most wealthy and powerful Baggara Sheikhs, and is the head of an influential sect of dervishes and fakirs, who proclaim the advent of a thorough Reformation of Islam, to be effected by military force, with the equality of all believers in the Prophet of Mecca, and the universal supremacy of the Mohammedan religion and law.

The latest news from Khartoum, to Dec. 1, confirms the account of the destruction of Hicks Pasha's troops, but states that a portion of the Egyptian army had stayed behind, with the stores and water, under Aladdin Pasha, who had refused to accompany the English commander in his fatal march on El Obeid. The troops actually with Hicks Pasha, and with the other European officers, consisted of the artillery and seven or eight thousand infantry, who were attacked in an ambush, and were all slain.

GRAND FANCY FAIR AT BOMBAY.

The arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bombay, six weeks ago, was an occasion of great popular festivity; the most important part of which was the public fair on the Esplanade. It was arranged in three oval spaces, extending from Cruickshank-road, on the north, to the Gymkhana, at the south end, with blocks of shops or stalls, three or four in each block, surrounding the oval spaces, all the shop-fronts being hung with awnings or curtains, of diverse coloured stuffs. In the centre of the middle and largest oval was an octagonal pavilion for the band of the King's Own regiment, which in the evening was relieved by that of the Volunteers. The state entrance for their Royal Highnesses was to the first oval from Cruickshank-road, opposite the site where the Duke of Connaught laid the foundation-stone of the Cama Hospital. It was adorned with flags on Venetian masts; and pavilions, decorated in blue and red, gave accommodation to privileged spectators. The decoration of the interior ovals was of a corresponding fashion, with festoons of palm-leaves, a fountain, a triumphal arch exhibiting two transparencies of native figures in their different costumes, and a profusion of flowers and plants. Eight powerful Jablochhoff electric lights, with a vast number of Chinese lanterns and globes, and lamps fixed among the branches of the trees, illuminated the place at night. The wares exhibited on the stalls and in the shops and booths were of great variety and tastefully arranged. The general direction and management of this Fair had been intrusted by the Bombay Reception Committee to Khan Bahadur Muncheerjee Murzban, Executive Engineer to the Presidency Government; and his task was most successfully performed. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Boyd, of the Commissariat Department, Bombay Staff Corps.

H.M.S. LEANDER.

This new ship, with the Phaeton and Arethusa, under construction by Messrs. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow, is an example of a class in which some provision has been made to compensate for the absence of armour-plating by water-tight subdivisions, and by placing the coal so as to protect the vital parts of the ship; but she is also fitted with a defence against vertical shell-fire, in the form of a steel protective deck 1½ in. thick, extending over the engines, boilers, and magazines. The armoured deck is to be slightly below the level of the water at the middle line, and curved down so as to be considerably below it at the sides. There is increased space for stowing coal. The engines, also by Messrs. Napier, are to be twin-screw, horizontal, surface-condensing, with high pressure, and with all the latest improvements, to develop collectively 5000 indicated horse power. With this, however, a speed of sixteen knots is anticipated; but it is possible that hereafter arrangements may be made for working with a closed stoke-hole and forced blast, in which case a speed equal to that of the Iris and Mercury may be obtained. The dimensions of the Leander are: length between perpendiculars, 300 ft.; extreme breadth, 46 ft.; draught of water orward, 17 ft. 6 in.; draught of water aft, 20 ft. 6 in.; displacement, 3748 tons. The armament will consist of eight 6-inch breech-loading rifle guns, and two revolving guns of the same calibre. The Leander is also well supplied with machine-guns.

Seventeen persons, a passenger and sixteen of the crew of the Spanish steamer San Augustin, which was burnt in the Bay of Biscay on the 16th inst., were on Saturday last landed at Dover from the steamer Grantully, bound to West Hartlepool, and taken to the Dover National Sailors' Home in a very distressed condition. The statements of the chief engineer, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Vines, passenger and chief clerk in the Liverpool office of the firm to which the vessel belonged, contain many harrowing details. Fourteen hands, including the chief officer and steward, were landed at Dartmouth. The steam-ship John Williamson, Captain Cotten, of South Shields, has arrived in the Tyne with six more survivors from the San Augustin. The John Williamson was on a voyage from Bilbao, and on Monday morning, the 17th, sighted the burning steamer. She proceeded towards her, and after heroic efforts five men were rescued from the deck, and a sixth was dragged out of the sea. The San Augustin was a large steamer of 3600 tons, and was bound from Manila to Liverpool with a cargo of sugar and tobacco.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR.

The tolling is hushed! From the heart of the steeple
Rings out a wild welcome! Afar and anear
As the glad music swells, to the lips of the people
Leap warm, wistful greetings, "A Happy New Year!"
And eyes frank and fearless in faces love-lighted
Are reading a story of trust and of truth,
That tells how the Years that have passed since these plighted
Their truth have but deepened the passion of Youth;
While others—God help them!—as through a glass, darkly
A vision behold, through the mist of their tears,
Of loved ones that, under the sword lying starkly,
Await the fulfilment of all the New Years.
The New Year is born: fain we hasten to greet it
With sweetest heart-music and merry church-chime;
And bring what it may, be it ours still to meet it
With courage and patience, redeeming the time!
Say, what is the New Year? A *tabula rasa*
Old Chronos doth furnish for Clío to fill
With foibles of peasant, of prince, or of Kaiser;
And folk to inscribe what wild follies they will?
"O will ye not write, Sirs!"—so seemeth it ever
To me, comes a cry at the birth of each year—
"A fresh page or chapter of Faith and Endeavour
In Life's chequered story of Hope and of Fear?"
And dare we despise it—this small voice that pleadeth
For flowers and ripe fruitage and harvest of sheaves,
In hearts and in lives; and that saith the Year needeth
Far more than our welcome of evergreen leaves?
Yet—'tis meet that we deck the home-walls with a garland,
And that from the steeple the merry bells ring
To welcome the Year, like a prince from a far land
That cometh to us Joy or Sorrow to bring!
For 'tis ours, O my brothers, to have and to hold it
For richer for poorer, for better for worse;
To fairest of issues to fashion and mould it,
Or make its dark record a byword and curse!

J. F. ROYCE.

NOVELS.

Put into plain words the story contained in *All in a Garden Fair*: by Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus), is a simple tale like those which boy tells to boy in bed at school, and which invariably begin with "three fellows went out to seek their fortune." Three lads go out into the world to make or lose their way, and they are all three in love, after their own fashion, with a young girl who has been their playmate from early childhood, to whom they all "propose" at once before they are well launched upon their several careers, and who, unable to decide between them, as she loves them all in the sisterly playfellow's style, though she undoubtedly prefers either of two to the third, recommends them by her father's lips as well as by her own to put the matter off for a time, during which she will "wait and hope and pray." While she waits and hopes and prays, her father, who was a poor exile and teacher of the French language, comes in for what was to him the wealth of Cræsus, twelve hundred a year; and the question which had vexed him about the "dot" the suitors would naturally expect with his beautiful and accomplished, but hitherto penniless, daughter is no longer so hopeless of attainment as it had seemed. Meanwhile, the co-suitors go on seeking their fortunes, two in "business," and one, poor soul, in literature; in poetry, still poorer soul, for choice. Then, of course, we know what is coming; the author will draw us yet another picture, though the subject is more threadbare than ever was miser's coat, of the struggling literary man with poetical aspirations, and will add to the picture comments and anecdotes. No need, however, to say that the picture is well drawn, and that the comments and anecdotes are good; so that even the hackneyed theme awakens some languid sort of interest. Of the other two suitors, who are in "business in the City," one takes to sheer speculation, the other adopts the more plodding method, and is sent to China to fill an important and remunerative post. In the third volume of the novel the girl who was the lodestar of the three co-suitors tells the reader in her own words how she came to choose between the three, and what was the result of her choice. She had to choose between Olinthus, otherwise called Tommy, who boasted to her of the position and fortune he was making by his clever speculations, and who very ungenerously proposed to abridge, in the absence of his rivals, the period of waiting she had imposed upon them all alike; Will, the strong, practical, plodding, self-reliant, sagacious, honest man; Allen, the poet, the successful writer of romances, the magician who exercises a spell over hearts, but requires a support for the helplessness of his own nature. Which did she choose? And why did she make such a choice? The answer to these questions must be sought by reading the story.

When George the Fourth, the "first gentleman of Europe," is introduced, as in *Abigail Rowe*: by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (Richard Bentley and Son), into a novel, it is natural to expect a good deal of drunkenness, strong language, profligacy, and dandyism. And, although the strong language is represented by "dashes," expectation is amply satisfied in the said novel. It is a tale, however, of "the Regency," before "George" had become "the Fourth." As for Abigail Rowe, she is fifteen years old at the opening of the story, an orphan, the daughter of a gipsy; and she lives with her grand aunt, who is house-keeper at Battle Magna, a still fine but tumble-down manor house, belonging to a wicked lord, John Vere, Earl of Osmington, whose pedigree, up to a certain point, is set forth, instead of his portrait, on the frontispiece, just as if he had been a thoroughbred horse. Abigail is, of course, the heroine of the romance, and her adventures, her bearing, her language, her loyalty, her ultimate reward are of the truly heroic and romantic sort. The romance, however, is but a bright stream, as it were, running through a mass of historical narrative, critical dissertation, and more or less fanciful descriptions, based apparently upon accounts contained in such works as those of the late celebrated Mr. Pierce Egan. At the date of the story it is needless to say that prize-fighting was greatly in vogue; and the author has not failed to turn that fact to advantage, what with an elaborate picture of a "merry mill" and sketches of Messrs. Tom Cribb, Jem Belcher, the Jew Mendoza, Gentleman Jackson, and other worthy professors and practisers of the noble art. The author, however, evidently had a serious purpose, though the time has gone by, one would say, for any good to come from the fulfilment of his intention: he has revived the stale old scandal about the Prince and Princess of Wales, George and Caroline, representing that the former was, as nobody will deny, or ever has denied, to an unusual extent the victim of circumstances, and that the latter was scarcely less wicked and much less cleanly than "the Scarlet Woman." The novel is written with considerable vigour, characters are hit off in happy and sometimes slushing

style, and the interest is fairly maintained. The diction is sometimes a trifle queer and stilted, but that is of little consequence; it is of more consequence that ladies, who are the great readers of novels, will probably not care for the scenes, personages, and subjects—though the limits of propriety are not over-stepped—most frequently and most fully represented and discussed. It is essentially a man's novel, in fact, if anybody's.

It was time, perhaps, that the money-lending Jew, who is no worse than the money-lending Christian, should be discharged from further appearance in fiction, on the ground of long and faithful service at least, if for no better reason; but when, as in *The Millionaire* (William Blackwood and Sons), the Hebrew money-lender has been once more introduced by the anonymous author's good will and pleasure, it is but right and a bounden duty to acknowledge the skill and originality, if there be any, with which the character is treated. And in the present instance, the skill and, to a certain extent, the originality are indisputable. It must not be supposed, however, that the Jew is "the millionaire" of the title. The millionaire is an American, a character very well conceived, very entertaining, very carefully worked out, with a private history full of interest and mystification, though it is to be feared that the elopements which form the chief incidents in it (for his money, strangely enough, seems to come to him almost without an effort) will appear to most readers to have been even more precipitate and irrational, more incapable of adequate explanation, than any revealed from time to time in the proceedings of the Divorce Court. Especially as the elopements do not always, even if they ever do, lead to "anything," in the sense in which that expression is understood by the parties to a matrimonial cause. In making the millionaire an American the author was well advised; for, though we Englishmen serve "Dollar" a little, the Americans serve him much, and it is doubtful whether the characteristics assigned to the millionaire of the novel would have "gone down" with the reader had they been attributed to an Englishman. Besides, an American hero offered unusual opportunities for the presentation of various amusing personages, and for the employment of various droll expressions. Among the personages is the lively and beautiful young widow, Mrs. Peters, commonly called Sally Peters, quite simply, in the free-and-easy fashion of her countrymen. It is delightful to flirt with her, if but in print; and, if her laugh be silvery, her heart is golden. It may be permissible, perhaps, to remark in conclusion that it would be a great comfort and an agreeable change, if some daring and ingenious novelist could invent a new employment for elderly gentlemen and their lovely and accomplished daughters, when they are brought to poverty, so that they need not always betake themselves—the former to reviewing books (a very tedious and unremunerative occupation, *experto crede*), and the latter to the more graceful, if not more remunerative, pictorial art.

Something like the spirit of burlesque and parody pervades the story contained in *Maid of Athens*: by Justin McCarthy, M.P. (Chatto and Windus), a novel in which the author, by his style of dealing with the hallowed memories of ancient Greece, reminds one of the graceless Gaul who plucked the hoary beard of the godlike Roman senator; but the author will escape the knocking down which was the fate of the Gaul. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the majority of readers will consider the novel both clever and amusing, with its cockneyish waltzing among the awful ruins of the grand Acropolis, its ridiculous duel on the very plain of Marathon, its mixture of modern love and antique heroics, its historical allusions and its superfluity of the commonest slang. For even in slang there is a certain suspicion of liveliness and drollery, however forced the liveliness and however unrefined the drollery. As for the "maid of Athens" herself, she is not even so Greek by origin as the average Hellenic of the period; she is but "an English girl, who was born at Athens and has always lived there with her mother." She is pretty and clever and a Greek patriot and all that. Even Lord Byron's "maid of Athens," who became prosaic Mrs. Black, wife of the English Consul or Vice-Consul, was more Greek in nationality by all accounts. However, Hellenic or no Hellenic, the "maid of Athens" is a true woman; she has a finger in all sorts of pies, political, military, and other, and, nevertheless, she finds time for an enormous quantity of love-making. In fact, it comes out in the end that her patriotism, by her own confession, was in some degree a make-believe, that Greece was not her first love, and that she only took up the historic country when she had come to the conclusion that her first love, a man, had turned false and forgotten her. There is some very bright, vivacious dialogue in the novel, not a little good writing of the descriptive order, enough of stirring incident, and no lack of those cross purposes, misunderstandings, hopes, illusions, and changes of intention which cause love-making to be so irritating and yet so interesting.

Mr Horace Walpole, C.B., has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for India.

Lord Napier of Magdala on Saturday last distributed the prizes and certificates gained by the students of the School of Practical Engineering at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. N. Eckersley, Conservative, was yesterday week declared duly elected member for Wigan, no other candidate having been nominated.

Mr. Mundella last week opened a hall erected by the Leicester Sunday School Union for Sunday school work, and in commemoration of the Raikes centenary.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued a seasonable present, consisting of the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ," in five tastefully bound volumes, in a case.

Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Mr. F. T. D. Ledgard, Mr. Shiress Will, and Dr. Phillimore, having been sworn in as Queen's counsel before the Lord Chancellor, were afterwards called within the bars of the various courts.

Mr. H. M. Platnauer, formerly Queen's Exhibitioner, and late Assistant in the Mineralogical Department of the Natural History Museum, British Museum, has been appointed Curator of the Museum at York.

The Grocers' Company have subscribed £1000 to the Lord Mayor's Fund in relation to the International Health Exhibition at South Kensington, and guaranteed a further sum of £2000 if necessary.

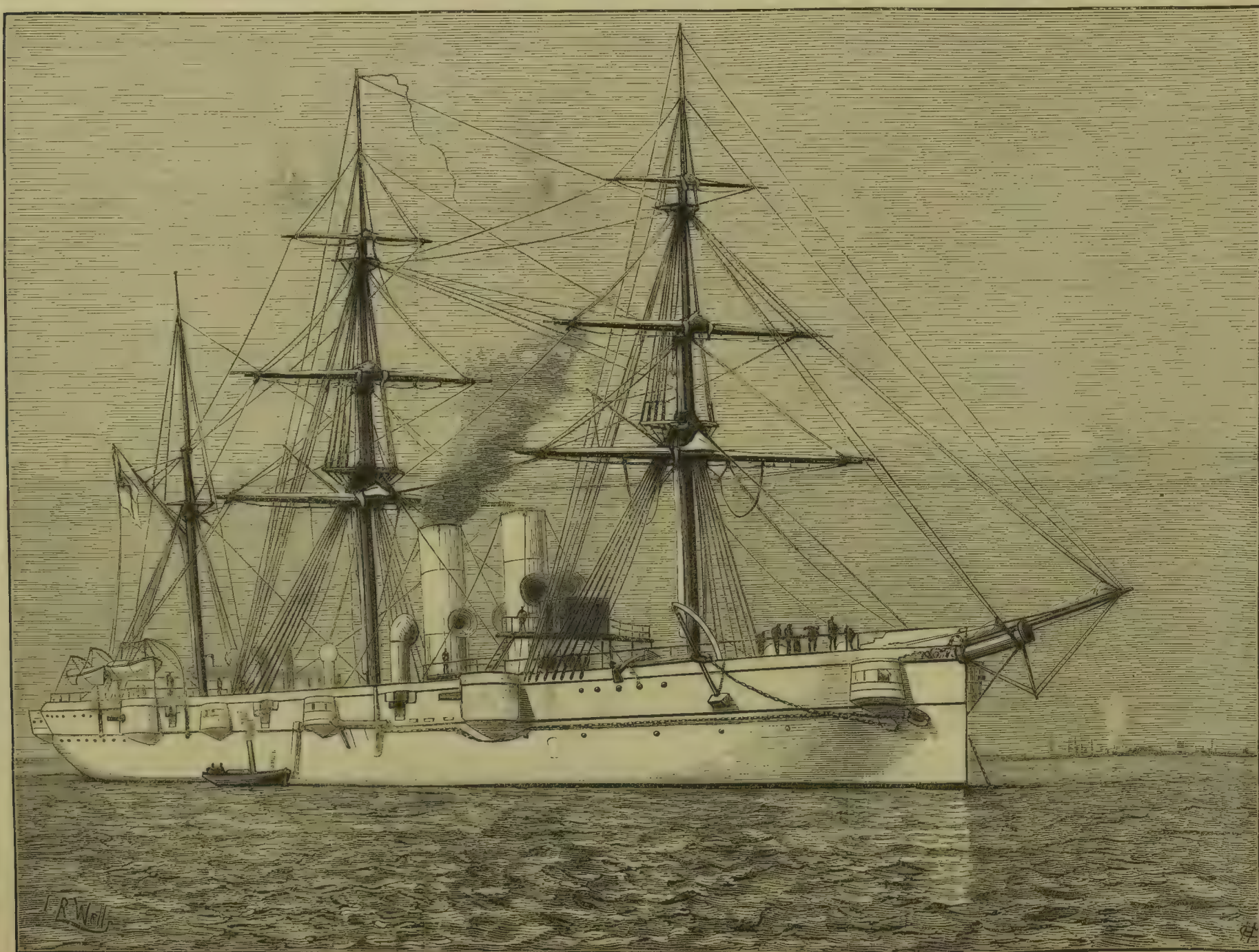
Lord Napier of Magdala last week unveiled a handsome window which the Royal Engineers have placed in Rochester Cathedral as a memorial of their comrades who fell in the Afghan and Zulu campaigns.

Mr. Morton Smale, M.R.C.S., L.D.S., has been unanimously chosen by his colleagues Dean of the Dental Hospital of London in connection with the school. Mr. Smale has filled the office of tutor for several years.

The assessorship of the University of St. Andrews was decided last Saturday by the election of Sir Richard Cross, M.P., he having polled 731 votes. His opponent, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, polled 344 votes.



FAIR HELD ON THE ESPLANADE, BOMBAY, IN HONOUR OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.



H.M.S. LEANDER.



THE TOWER OF LONDON, SHOWING THE WHITE TOWER, AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD GUARD-ROOMS AND OFFICES.

MUSIC.

The Students' Orchestral Concert given by the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, offered very favourable evidence of the efficiency of the course of instruction there pursued. A fine performance of Cherubini's sublime "Requiem" in C minor gave special importance to the concert, and proved the high artistic taste which prevails in the direction of the Academy. The elaborate choral and orchestral details of the "Requiem" were throughout excellently rendered, under the direction of Mr. W. Shakespeare. Mr. Frank Arnold particularly distinguished himself by his skilful execution of Max Bruch's difficult violin concerto; the good system of pianoforte instruction having been well exemplified by Miss E. Latter and Mr. E. Kiver. Miss Thudichum sang with much effect, and other vocal solos were contributed by Misses M. Etherington, K. Hardy, and A. Ehrenberg, and Mr. Barker; progress in composition having been represented by an "Ave Maria" by C. S. Macpherson (Balfie scholar), and a song, "Night and Love," by G. J. Bennett.

There is but little to record of this week's musical doings; a performance of "The Messiah" at St. James's Hall, on Christmas Eve, having been the chief event. Of a work so well known and so often heard it is not necessary to speak in detail, and it will be sufficient to say that the programme on the occasion now referred to announced the names of Mlle. Ella Wagners, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists—Mr. W. G. Cousins having been the conductor.

The earliest London musical event of the coming year will be on the evening of New-Year's Day, when there will be a grand performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. After this, music will soon resume its accustomed activity. On Jan. 5 Mr. W. S. Gilbert's and Sir Arthur Sullivan's new comic opera will be produced at the Savoy Theatre. On Jan. 7 the Monday evening Popular Concerts will be resumed, and the afternoon performances on the following Saturday. Other important serial concerts will soon afterwards recommence, and London music will speedily be as active as usual.

"The Professional Pocket-Book for 1884" has just been issued by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co. This work is especially valuable to musicians, whether professional or amateur, as it contains a calendar arranged for the entry of hourly as well as daily engagements, with the dates of principal musical events, &c. The book, like previous issues, is published under the immediate direction of Sir Julius Benedict.

Miss Annie Clark, M.D., has been appointed one of the extra acting physicians to the Children's Hospital, Birmingham.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26.

The now-closing year has not been fortunate to the majority of the holders of what we may broadly call "open stocks." Most classes have lost ground, and there are many instances of further serious loss. Even Consols are lower, and are now not much above par, notwithstanding that money has all this year been exceptionally abundant and cheap. For example, the Bank of England rate was towards the close of 1882 5 per cent, and for some time past it has been 3. The difference is great, but other and opposing considerations have been in force. Among these are the steps which have been taken to popularise the Two-and-a-Half per Cents. The interest on these is now payable quarterly, and it is the admitted policy of the Treasury to redeem the Three per Cents in all the ways that present themselves. For the purposes for which Consols are now held, buying at a premium is, on many grounds, undesirable; and the Two-and-a-Half per Cents at considerably under par pay about as much, and they have the two great advantages over the Three per Cents of permanency and an inherent tendency to increase in value. But the ordinary investor cannot, with the increased needs of our time, live upon Three per Cents, much less upon a lower return. Hence the increasing demand for more promising though more venturesome investments.

Those who have been content with good railway debenture stocks, colonial government issues, and municipal debentures, are closing the year in security, and with, almost invariably, their property enhanced in value. But the majority of "open" stocks have, as has just been said, gone back. Egyptian Unified, Spanish, and Mexican are the most noticeable instances of this, and the causes are as well known as the effect is reasonable. It is worth remarking that north of Europe stocks—such as Russian—have made ground rather than lost it during the year, and should 1884 be dominated by the present prevailing German combination for peace in Europe we may see a further good stride in Russian prices. It is in some respects the least agreeable experience of the year that our own principal railway stocks have nearly generally declined. Great Eastern has suffered most, and in some degree the cause in this case is at the bottom of most of what has happened in this market, a falling back on the part of speculators from excessive expectations. In the long run, yield at the price must tell; but speculators for a rise scarcely know when to stop, and sooner or later they end in paying the way for a reaction to below a reasonable level.

Among American, Canadian, and Foreign Railway issues, in which our market is deeply concerned, are also many instances of serious depreciation. In the well-known case of

Mexican Railway Stocks the fall is enormous, being in the ordinary stock more than half—namely, from 136 to 64. The present price is in some quarters considered low; but it is not possible to blame an investor for believing any tale after suffering such an extraordinary loss as this. The vicissitudes of the leading Canadian Railway issues have been often referred to in these notes, and there is no need now to say more. American Railway descriptions have gone through a great deal, and are apparently not yet out of the wood, but, happily, the loss is less ours than that of our gambling friends on the other side of the Atlantic. In several of the minor classes of investments there has been the same disappointment, but, of course, different in degree. Steamship shares, underwriting shares, and some others, close very much the worse for the year's experience. But as against all this is to be noticed the exceptional steadiness of bank shares, and this is always a sign of freedom from trade losses, a low value of money being comparatively easy to bear. Gas stocks are all much better, while electric light companies are, with rare exceptions, prostrate. Standing apart in some respects from the ordinary investor is the applicant for shares in new companies, and he, poor fellow, has spent the greater part of this year in paying calls in respect of his ventures of last year, or in recuperating from losses previously realised, for the liquidations of 1883 have probably exceeded anything experienced for many years past.

Christmas was generally observed throughout London in the customary manner. Notwithstanding disagreeable, murky weather, the morning services were well attended in nearly all the churches. In most of these Christmas carols are now becoming the rule, and the churches are mostly handsomely decorated. The Dean of St. Paul's preached in the cathedral in the morning to a large congregation; and in Westminster Abbey the Dean of Westminster preached to a full attendance. Cardinal Manning preached in the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.—The day was observed with the usual festivity in all the work-houses, most of which were decorated by the officials and others who devote themselves to ministering to the comforts and pleasures of the inmates at this season of the year. Taking the customary glance at the state of pauperism in the thirty parishes and unions into which the metropolis is divided, we find that during the past week there were 91,771 paupers relieved, of whom 54,979 come within the category of indoor poor and 36,792 outdoor.—The managers of the great metropolitan hospitals, aided by the medical and nursing staffs, devoted themselves heartily to the work of gladdening the suffering occupants of their wards. The rooms were decorated with evergreens and mottoes, and to all who were able to receive it a Christmas Day dinner of the time-honoured type was served.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884, Open from APRIL to OCTOBER.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section; Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

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"It would seem as if it were neither the great fame which preceded Mr. Irving across the sea, nor curiosity which takes the playgoer to the theatre at which he acts. The second night the audience was numerically greater, on the third greater still; but on that night Miss Terry effected her entrance on our stage, presenting the loveliest and most womanly Portia ever seen upon it. But not only at the Saturday matinee, in which that great and charming actress appeared, but at the evening performance, at which she did not appear, the audience was so vast in numbers as to fill the spacious theatre in all its parts, to overflow the aisles and corridors, and every other place of vantage, women as well as men being happy to obtain the barest standing room. Night after night hundreds of the same faces have been seen in the house, thus demonstrating that not his fame nor their curiosity, but their interest and admiration, have drawn our citizens night after night to Mr. Irving's performances, the last of which will, we think, be considered the best of them, best because the most symmetrical in all its proportions, the most compact and consistent. Whatever else Mr. Irving may or may not be, he is unquestionably the most original actor that for very many years has set foot upon our stage. In every character in which Mr. Irving has appeared his originality has been his most apparent quality. He is himself, alone as an artist, full of the easy confidence of truth, unconquerably armed in his own assurance of being unquestionably right.

"HAMLET."

"What the multitudinous throng that filled the house, from the footlights to the dome saw and heard last night was the most original Hamlet that ever confronted the ghost of his Royal father upon our stage, and the most lovely Ophelia, whose portrait Shakespeare has set in noble verse, that ever came and went to entrance and charm the sense with her most perfect art. It was not, indeed, until the third act was well upon its way that Mr. Irving could make his English reputation as a great actor in any degree comprehensible; but, in the play scene, in which he grovels on the floor, in which he is all excitement, in which he incoherently mutters and blends his discordant tones with those of the Player King, in which he seemed to fall the whole stage, in which a real frenzy appeared to fall upon his mind—in the play scene he justified by the greatness of his acting almost all that has been or could be said in praise of it. So grandly and impressively did he bring the scene to a close as to call down thunders of applause from an audience that he had thrilled and swayed by a power undeniably great. If that scene was ever before so nobly played we were not there to see it done. From its commencement to the end of the performance Mr. Irving's acting was notably fine, and the closest scene, from beginning to end, more especially his contrast of the two imaginary portraits of the Kings, was rendered with words and tones that Ophelia spoke and sang. In fact, Mr. Irving rose to a greater height of excellence as the play proceeded, from the beginning of the third act to the end of the last. From the moment that Miss Terry put foot upon the scene she held and controlled her audience as she would. Never before upon our stage has there appeared an actress who played Ophelia with such lovely grace and pitiful pathos as Miss Terry. There were whole scenes in the personation which were not only pictures of womanly tenderness and sweetness, but in which the exquisitely refined soul of the heroine of Shakespeare's sorrowful tragedy spoke through the words and tones that Ophelia spoke and sang. To all who saw this most perfect performance it was a revelation of a higher, purer, and nobler dramatic art than they had ever seen or dreamed. There was no grace or charm of person, no tone of voice, no appropriate gesture, no noble, beautiful thought, no consistent purpose, no intelligence, no capacity for the which Shakespeare endowed Ophelia with which Miss Terry did not endow her. What she did just here or there, or how she did it, cannot be told. Over it all was cast the glamour of the genius in which this fair woman is so greatly blessed. She does not seem to act, but to do that which nature has given her. Shakespeare would have been proud of his creation of Ophelia had seen it given the human spirit with which Miss Terry informed it. It cannot be measured or weighed. It reached above rule and scales. It was a picture to be remembered for ever, and the sad songs she sang will linger always in the hearts of those who happily heard them."—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

"The interpretation of the character of Hamlet by Mr. Irving has been looked forward to with intense interest by the Philadelphia public. It was regarded as more than any other a test of his genius as an actor. Our people have been accustomed to regard Booth's conception of the character as the only orthodox and genuine one, and therefore were prepared to look upon any divergence from it with extremely critical eyes. Irving, therefore, last night faced an audience which was probably the most complete to judge of the merits of his delineation as any that could be drawn together in America. It was the very flower of the culture of Philadelphia, with a sprinkling of the lovers of the drama from other cities thrown in. It is safe to say that none were disappointed in Mr. Irving's Hamlet. There was nothing staid or unnatural in it. He exhibited a breadth in his conception of the character that was only to be expected of a man of his calibre. The play last night was a revelation to most of the audience which will never be forgotten, and there appeared to be but one opinion among the critical and intelligent people present, that, taken all in all, no such Hamlet has ever been presented in Philadelphia. Of Miss Terry too much cannot be said. She was simply matchless and incomparable as Ophelia."—PHILADELPHIA EVENING NEWS.

"A still higher pitch was hit in the action of Hamlet during the progress of the play. The suppressed excitement with which he watches the cheese of his 'mouse-trap' until his excitement becomes uncontrollable, and at the crisis of the crime he rolls and tumbles across the stage, and, as he falls, he utters the cry, 'King! King! King!' in order to shout his villainous deed to the world, all this is wrought up to one of those thrilling effects of eccentric acting. Miss Terry's Ophelia is a very beautiful and touching performance, alike in the scene of parting with Hamlet and in the intolerable pathos of the mad scene. These two scenes will remain in the memories of those who saw them to this day among the most striking of their stage pictures."—New York Times.

"Mr. Henry Irving appeared as Hamlet at the Chestnut-street Opera-House last night to a crowded and critical assemblage. To the student of dramatic art and to playgoers the play as rendered by Mr. Irving is a new revelation. Miss Terry's Ophelia was as sweet and unartificial as the innocent and demented maiden Shakespeare pictured for us. The play was well received by the audience, and the actors were several times called before the curtain by uproarious plaudits."—PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

"THE BELLS."

As Mathias, in 'The Bells,' Mr. Irving was seen at his best. He has presented no other character in this city so rounded and whole as that. Few who saw Mr. Irving's performance will ever forget it. There were parts of it full of exquisite beauty and noble strength. To show to others, as he who acts Mathias must do, a human soul not a body, in sore hurt and torture, is the most difficult thing that the stage exacts of its masters. Most notably excellent was the scene by the stove, from which the red glare fell upon Mathias' strongly-marked face. The expression of consternation when he hears that Christian has interested himself in the discovery of the criminal, his keen, slow, and carefully-considered answers, his hysterical laughter, his nervous, jerky side-play with his handkerchief and snuff-box, were things most artistically planned and done. Indeed, during the entire scene Mr. Irving held his audience by the throat; and at the close of the act, when again the terrible jangle of the bells beat upon his brain and soul amid the gaiety of his guests and the happiness of his wife and child, torturing him with frenzied fear, he was master of our imaginations and our emotions. During the whole of the last act Mr. Irving maintains the sway over the feelings and interest which he had secured in the previous scene. Mr. Irving in this scene was greater than in any other in which he has appeared in this city. His pantomime is the perfection of physical expression, and very notable was all his action in describing the manner of his crime. Take it all in all, the performance was full of noble thought and subtle spirit. It was best in its completeness, for it grew in strength and form as it proceeded to its terrible ending."—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

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The Canon sat with this juvenile testament spread out before him as reverently as though it had been an original manuscript of Milton. The two women stood looking over his shoulder, making a pretence to read it, but their eyes were too full of tears.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

WILLIE'S WILL.



although her ignorance of business affairs prevented her from understanding how her darling's death could have benefited any human creature, Sophy knew that her child had been in danger, and from the hands that Nature itself should have taught to defend her.

Under these circumstances, and looking to the fact that while Irton and his wife could conscientiously aver that they were unaware of her place of concealment, her husband, even with the law to back him, could scarcely discover her—she enjoined upon Jeannette an absolute silence. The two women and the child were as absolutely cut off from those who had an interest in them—kindly or otherwise—as though they were in "some summer isle of Eden, where never comes the trader nor floats the European flag." For utter isolation, there is nothing, indeed, like your London suburb; where gentility reigns supreme, and into which not even the criers of the "latest intelligence" think it worth their while to penetrate. These voluntary exiles knew nothing of what was going on in the world, and their dearest hope was that that ignorance should be reciprocal.

Everything, however—including murder—comes out at last, and Mrs. Johnson, under which name Jeannette continued to conceal her identity, received one morning a startling piece

of intelligence through the butlerman. He did not tell it her with his lips—the news was too stale for that—but brought it by accident, in print, wrapped round a parcel of the "best Dorset." It is a method by which imaginative literature, alas! is often conveyed; but this was a matter of fact. There had been a time when Jeannette would have gone straight to her mistress and discoursed of the sensational incident with infinite gusto; but the poor waiting-maid had lost her nerve, she had no longer any confidence in her own judgment; and so far from rejoicing, as of yore, in handling the ribbons of an intrigue, could hardly drive a gig as a free agent. She did, however, take certain steps; the result of which was that two ladies—the elder in deep mourning, the younger in that attire which the milliners describe as one of "mitigated grief"—presented themselves the next morning at the cottage. At the sight of the former, Sophy uttered a piteous cry, and ran into her stretched-out arms.

"My darling!" murmured Aunt Maria (for she it was); "welcome, welcome to the old haven!"

"No, no! not that," sobbed Sophy; "I have no right to it."

And, indeed, though the well-springs of love and gratitude were at the full with her, she had sought the refuge in question only to hide her face in shame and sorrow.

"That is not your aunt Maria's view," said Henny, coming to the assistance of them both—for, in truth, it was needed—"though she and I have certainly a bone to pick with you, dear, for having hidden away from us for so long. We knew, of course, since Jeannette was in charge of you, that you were safe."

"No, no, no!" interrupted Sophy, in affrighted tones; "not safe; that is what embitters every moment to me. As for me, I do not deserve to be safe from him, but I tremble for my innocent child."

The two visitors exchanged significant glances.

"Dismiss that fear from your mind, dear girl," said Aunt Maria, assuringly; "there are none but friends about you now, nor will there ever be."

Sophy shook her head.

"How did you find me out?" she answered, vehemently. "He can do as you did; he is cunning and very patient in evil-doing. Once, when I was quite a child, I lived in the country; I saw a poor tired hare running through a wood, and many minutes afterwards a slim, cruel stoat following on its track. That is how it will be with us. Sooner or later, poor little Willie and I will be overtaken and devoured."

"But I tell you, dear Sophy, it will not be so," urged Henny, confidently. "Do you think that I would deceive you in a thing like that, or speak so positively if I was not quite sure?"

"No, Henny, I don't think that; you believe in what your husband has told you. He has found out, perhaps, that the law is upon our side; and so it may be. But he doesn't know the man he has to deal with: what is law to him? He does

not even fear God himself. A man without natural affection, and without mercy."

"Hush, hush!" said Henny, imploringly. Again the two women looked at one another; they had agreed together, it seemed, upon some course of action, but were now doubtful as to its advisability.

"Had we not better tell her?" whispered Henny, over the still bowed head. But ere Aunt Maria could nod assent Sophy had started from her embrace with an affrighted cry.

"Hark! hark!" she cried. "A man's voice in Willie's room; he has found us out, and has come to murder her."

Before either of her companions could put out a hand to restrain her she had rushed from the room to the upper floor. The others followed as quickly as they could. Sophy's ears had not deceived her; there was a man in the room above, where the child lay, sitting by the side of the child with a huge picture-book in his hand, which she was regarding attentively. An old man in deep mourning, but with a face of quiet content and exquisite tenderness. Little Willie and he were obviously on the best of terms, and she was prattling away in the most confidential and heartless manner. For once the mother's face did not turn first to her darling; she flung herself at the newcomer's knees and burst into tears.

The Canon caressed her in silence for some moments. He had no great confidence just then in his own powers of speech, and when he used them was careful to avoid too pronounced a tone of tenderness.

"You mustn't give way like that, my dear Sophy," he said, reprovingly. "We shall have the Court of Chancery down upon us for frightening the Settiky Trust."

And indeed that important little personage looked amazed enough at her mother's emotion. "I was told to wait below till Aunt Maria had prepared you for my visit," he went on; "though why I should have become such a formidable person to you I'm sure I can't tell, but I thought in the meantime I would renew my acquaintance with my godchild."

Still Sophy did not speak. She had got hold of one of the Canon's hands, and, in spite of his efforts to withdraw it, was kissing it, to his intense embarrassment.

"My dear Sophy," he went on, "I am not the Queen, nor yet the Pope. But if you do really attribute to me any superiority or authority I entreat of you to rise, and—dear me, I am not used to have ladies kneeling to me, but (this with a spasmodic attempt at his old smile) quite the contrary. We have had a bad time all round; there's no doubt of that, and of late weeks," he added, with a deep sigh, "the worst of all."

"Good Heavens! what has happened afresh," cried Sophy, starting to her feet. "You are in mourning, and Aunt Maria is in mourning too. It is surely not dear Robert?"

"No, no; thank God, it is not he," said the Canon, earnestly; "but we have lost an old friend—a friend who was dear to all of us, and to whom you, Sophy, were especially dear."

Sophy put back her hair from her eyes, a familiar gesture, which brought her back to the Canon's mind more than anything had yet done, for she was greatly changed. The expression of her face was that of bewilderment. For the moment—so little of reciprocity there is sometimes even in devoted love—she was unable to recognise the loss of which he spoke. Then in a trembling voice, and with a faint flush, she murmured, "It is not, I trust, good Mr. Mavors."

"Yes, he has gone from this world to a better; but this would have been a better world to him if things had turned out differently as regards yourself, Sophy. I was blind to it, but Aunt Maria was not; he sent to her when he was dying, and told her all about it. His last words were a blessing upon you; the dream of his heart was that you should escape your unhappy fate; and his prayer has been answered."

"Is my husband dead?" inquired Sophy, in trembling tones.

"Yes; don't ask about it just yet; you shall know all in time. You are no longer a bond-slave; yes (her eyes had turned to little Willie with yearning and thankfulness), and your child is safe; henceforth she will be yours without fear."

Once more Sophy fell on her knees, but this time not to the Canon. There are times when even to the tenderest hearts the loss of our dear ones is a source of happy release, and a cause for thankfulness. A melancholy gratitude, indeed; but this was a case infinitely more deplorable—that of a woman who recognised Heaven's mercy in the blow that had cut off her husband in the midst of his sins.

"And the past," said Sophy, solemnly, taking the child's hand in hers; "some reparation for even the past can now be made. We have thought a good deal about godpapa and how he has been treated, have we not, Willie?"

The Settiky Trust, sitting very high up in her little bed, well propped by pillows, nodded adhesion. "I have left godpapa all my money," she said.

"Good Heavens! what does the dear child mean?" inquired the Canon, with a distressed look.

"It is quite true," said Sophy, gravely; "my darling and I are both of one mind in the matter. Her chief anxiety, when Dr. Newton came to see her, was to know whether she would live to be twenty-one, because I told her that she would then be able to repay you all that you had been robbed of."

"And if I was to die in the meantime," said little Willie, "I should like to leave it to him."

"I don't suppose your good husband, Henny," said Sophy, smiling, "would think very much of the validity of the will of a child of six; but, at all events, it shows the intention of the testator."

With that she produced from her desk the document in question, written in a large round hand.

"There was no undue influence," said Sophy, though I admit that I sometimes steadied her wrist," not that we can't write," she added, with maternal pride, "but because we were so very weak at the time. Indeed it was when we thought that we should never get well and strong again that we did it."

The Canon sat with this juvenile testament spread out before him, as reverently as though it had been an original MS. of Milton. The two women stood looking over his shoulder making pretence to read it, but their eyes were too full of tears.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Wilhelmina Adair, spinster," it ran, in due legal form, and bequeathed "all my worldly goods, of whatever kind, to William Aldred, my godpapa."

"And where on earth did Willie get all this legal knowledge?" inquired the legatee.

"Jeannette had a sixpenny book of general utility," explained Sophy, "among the contents of which was the form of a will. She and I were the witnesses, but you will please to observe that the signature is Willie's own."

"I did that all by myself," remarked the testator, with complacency; "mamma did not guide my fingers."

"We thought that might invalidate the bequest," said Sophy, smiling.

"It is worth a good deal more than if it was valid," cried the Canon, enthusiastically. "It ought to be in the College library with the 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Unhappily, however," sighed Sophy, "it is only a proof of good intentions. When I said that some reparation even for the past was now rendered possible, I was alluding, my dear Guardian, to the interest of the money that has been stolen from you; only a small portion of it will now be necessary for our needs, and the rest will, of course, be paid you as we receive it; but, as to the principal, I don't see how it is ever to be refunded."

"You may make yourself quite easy upon that score, my dear Sophy," said the Canon, with tender gravity; "for, as a matter of fact, it has been refunded."

"What—what—did the person who wronged you of it repay?"

Astonishment and incredulity checked her utterance.

"Why, no, my dear," put in the Canon, drily; "it was not quite that way. The money came indirectly from your hands. Our friend Mavors had, in fact, left you a large sum. His lawyer tells me it had been originally intended for the College, but that some time ago—hearing that matters were not going prosperously with you—he made a new will. Then quite lately he saw Robert, and for the first time was made acquainted with the matters in connection with my trusteeship—how the money had to be paid twice over, and so forth."

"Good Heavens! How vile and base he must have thought me," groaned Sophy.

"Quite otherwise, my dear; he esteemed you so highly that he at once understood the sorrow and remorse you were suffering, from having been made the instrument of my ruin. He felt that if he left you this money the first use you would put it to would be to repay me; but that under the circumstances you would not have the power to do so, that your husband, in short, would have prevented it. That it would have been like pouring water into a sieve. He therefore bequeathed the £15,000 that I had advanced to you to myself, taking care, however, to explain to Aunt Maria why it was done. He felt as sure as if he had consulted your own wishes that such a disposition of his property would be satisfactory to you."

"Heaven bless him!" murmured Sophy, gratefully. "He has lifted a burden from me which I should otherwise have carried to my grave."

"That was the very feeling for which he gave you credit," put in Aunt Maria, softly. "He read your heart, my dear, though he could not win it."

"It was never worth his winning, Aunt Maria," she answered, bitterly. "I was not fit to be the wife of an honest man."

"Nay, nay!" said the Canon; "if it comes to honesty I shall have little to say for myself. Not only has the sum been bequeathed to me which was evidently intended for you, but Mavors has left money to my boy Robert. Myself and family have become receivers, as it were, of stolen goods, well knowing them, as Fred would put it, to have been stolen."

"Then Robert will be able to marry the girl of his choice," exclaimed Sophy, delightedly. "He will no longer have reason to accuse me of having wrecked his happiness."

"If it has been wrecked, it must have been amply insured," smiled the Canon, "to judge by his face when I last saw him. He has telegraphed for his Alma, who will be at the Laurels in a week's time."

"But I thought you had left the Laurels—been driven—elsewhere—all through me."

"Tut, tut! let bygones be bygones. Money that makes the mare to go has the same effect (if judiciously administered) upon a tenant. We have gone back to the old house, Sophy, and to the old ways; only one thing is wanting, we must have our Sophy back in her old home."

"No, no, that can never be," she answered, bitterly. "She can never be your Sophy again, the Sophy that you once believed her to be."

"Well, of course, there will be some difference," said the Canon, smiling. "There's the Settiky Trust to be taken into account. What does little Willie say to coming down with mamma to live with godpapa and Aunt Maria?"

"Willie will come, only Jeannette must come too," said the child, with the air of one who confers a favour, upon conditions.

"Come, there's judgment without appeal," cried the Canon, exultingly. "Neither you nor I, my dear, require Fred Irton to tell us that the Settiky Trust always has everything her own way."

"Perhaps—in time, dear Guardian," said Sophy, hesitatingly.

Which was a promise.

CHAPTER LII.

IN PORT.

When Sophy went down to Cambridge, she was in deep mourning; but the heaviness of heart within her was caused by the sense of her own unworthiness, and not by her recent loss. The notion that the death even of the worst of husbands is a matter of regret is a very general one, and is recorded on many enduring substances, such as Tombstones. But the truth is that there is no relation in life which can hold its ground against persistent wrong-doing. That of the dead we should say nothing but good is an excellent maxim; but, unfortunately, it takes too much for granted—namely, that there is some good to say about them. Of John Adair it might, indeed, have been stated that he had an excellent head "for figures"; but even that eulogium, since it included the art of falsifying accounts, was of a doubtful value. For my own part, I never feel the slightest regret when offensive persons of my acquaintance are removed to another sphere (of course I may be mistaken in my estimate of them; but, in that case, it is a consolation to feel that they are gone where their merits, which escaped my limited observation, will be appreciated); and therefore I cannot blame poor Sophy that she felt so little sorrow for her bereavement.

Some distress and pain, however, she did feel by reason of the manner of her husband's departure. John Adair, it was generally understood, was murdered. He was found dead under that cellar flap in Miller-street; and "the theory" of what would have been "the prosecution," had there been anybody to prosecute, was as follows. Mr. Dawson, as has been mentioned, had an establishment in this street, which consisted, however, only of certain underground premises used for storage—probably of stolen goods. When Adair so indiscreetly exhibited to him that parcel of bank notes, it came into his mind that he would rather go abroad with ill-gotten gains than with the possessor of them, from whose custody he might (and doubtless would) have had some difficulty in extracting them. With the aid of a confederate, he therefore planned a simple scheme for acquiring them; the only thing necessary to the success of which was that Adair should take the right hand of the street. There was no reason, indeed, why he should take the left hand; but if he had chanced to cross the road, the scheme would have been a failure. In that case, Adair would have simply walked down the river stairs where the boat was awaiting him; as it was, instead of embarking on the Thames, he crossed the Styx.

Dawson's confederate on the other side of the way was thought to have given some signal for the bolt of the cellar trap to be withdrawn just as Adair stepped upon it, when, as we know, he suddenly disappeared from the sight of the Detective. At all events, he was found there dead, and with only a few shillings in his pocket; and within five minutes the boat was hurrying down the stream with six men in her instead of seven. I have not a word, of course, of excuse to offer for Mr. Dawson. His conduct was undoubtedly reprehensible; but, on the other hand, I have not the faintest sympathy for his victim, who himself, as we know, would have sacrificed an innocent life without much scruple. I must confess, indeed, to experiencing a certain satisfaction when thorough-paced rogues fall out and rid the world of one another. I fail to be touched with the burning indignation with which informers are just now regarded. They seem to me most useful people. And as for this Mr. Dawson—who will, no doubt, come to be hanged in time, with all due propriety—in his rough and ready and, so to speak, extra judicial fashion, he certainly made life worth living for some honest folks, to whom it had become wellnigh intolerable.

Sophy was received at the Laurels with open arms, but not at all like a returned Prodigal. Matters were made to go on as much as possible exactly the same as they had been used to do; those half a dozen years of absence and misery were treated as though she had been away on a week's visit, and was now come home again. So many stitches cannot, however, be dropped in the web of life without leaving a very ugly hole. The contrast between what was and what had been was sharp and clear to her, for all their care, as a jagged rock against a summer sky. Bitterest of all were her reflections upon the what might have been. Even for Sophy's sake Robert could not conceal his love when Alma came—a girl dutiful as beautiful, tender as pure, born for the admiration of all, for the devotion of one. Not one spark of jealousy of her glowed in Sophy's bosom; but in her supreme happiness she recognised all that she herself had so recklessly thrown away. She did not envy her as the chosen bride of an honourable and worthy young fellow—"all these things had ceased to be" with her as though she was on her dying bed—but for the gifts which made her so precious in his eyes; some of these, at least, she had had in her own power to bestow, and she had flung them into the gutter. Young as she still was in years, the joys of youth were already over with her; it was as though she belonged to two generations back, and for the future could only hope to find her happiness in the happiness of others.

And she did find it in them. In whatever relation of life she had gone astray, no fault was ever found in her as a mother—except indeed that Mrs. Helford pronounced her to be too indulgent, a weakness she called Heaven to witness she had never given way to in the case of her own sainted boy. Even if this charge was true, however, no harm came of it; for little Willie not only became in time strong and well, but a blessing to all about her. With Henny Irton—

who, although she never bore a child, was a mother to many—Willie was the chief of all her favourites. Her affection for the little lassie prompted her, indeed, to such lengths—such as kidnapping and deportation to Maida Vale—that Sophy had sometimes to remind her that, after all, the child was hers, and to threaten to invoke the protection of the law, through Mr. Frederick Irton, solicitor; the fact of Master Stevie Helford's services, however, being retained upon Henny's side made the recapture of the infant always difficult. Willie's admiration of him, which was quite reciprocated, though in a very different fashion, was something unique in a young lady of such very tender years. Mrs. Helford, however, who, to do her justice, was very fond of Willie, did not think it inexplicable. "My dear Henny," she would say, "that little dot of Sophy's is a born flirt, like her mother before her."

In no other respects, however, did Willie show the least sign of heredity; unless, indeed, it is maintained by the believers in that convenient theory that peculiarities of disposition can be handed down from a godpapa. In her dislike to figures and her predilection for poetry she resembled the Canon, who entertained an extravagant regard for her.

Sophy's past was never alluded to in her presence, not even by Jeannette; but the latter's devotion to her mistress and child (far beyond what is usually exhibited even by the most faithful of "retainers") bespoke the remorse she felt for such hand as she had had in it. She too has received a lesson which renders intrigue and duplicity impossible to her for the rest of her days.

The Canon and Aunt Maria are as reticent behind Sophy's back as when her still pretty, but sad and sobered, face reminds them of the light that has fled from it. Certain painful memories can never be dismissed from their minds, but their gentle natures shrink from the discussion of them. It is not so, of course, with the world at large; and many hard things are said of Sophy by those to whom the sight of the bruised reed always suggests the desire to break it. Her own sex (with certain exceptions I need not name) are especially hard upon her.

"You may say what you like, Ma'am," said old Dr. Newton, in reply to one of these censors; "but I maintain that with even an average husband that girl would have turned out the best of wives, as she is the best of mothers."

The character of Mr. John Adair, we may be sure, was handled with still greater freedom; but even he had his apologist.

"If he hadn't got into bad hands," Mrs. Helford was wont to say (a shibboleth which the good lady used with reference to most scoundrels, in unconscious extenuation, perhaps, of her own departed offspring), "he would have been an honour to his profession, whatever it was. I am sure, when I first knew him, he behaved himself with the greatest propriety."

To which her son-in-law would reply, with an injured air, "I can only say that the very first time I met him he told me one of the most"—

At which point Henny would place her dainty little palm on her husband's lips, and cut short the well-worn accusation.

Irton always asserts that his wife is the only woman in the world who has ever sympathised with Burns' aspiration, that even "auld Hornie" may somehow or other get out of his difficulties, and find all forgotten and forgiven; and, in truth, she is one of the tenderest souls that ever "wore earth about her."

After Robert's marriage he returned to India, from whence, at intervals, two baby boys were forwarded to the care of Grandpapa and Aunt Maria: it is needless to say that they were received with rapture, but they never put little Willie's nose out of joint in the affections of the Canon.

"Boys may come," he was wont to say, as bending over some picture-book together, he mingled his silver with her golden hair, "and even girls may come; but they will never come between me and the Settiky Trust."

And they never did.

THE END.

The Law Courts rose for the Christmas vacation yesterday week, and the Judges will not sit again until Friday, Jan. 11, the first day of the Hilary Sittings.

At the thirty-third anniversary dinner in aid of the Commercial Travellers' Schools for Orphan and Necessitous Children last week the subscriptions amounted to over £3000.

The School Board for London were occupied several hours on Thursday week considering the remaining recommendations of the School Management Committee as to what the salaries of school-masters and school-mistresses should in future be. A few amendments were assented to, but most of the others were rejected, and the scheme of the committee was almost in its entirety agreed to. After disposing of a variety of routine business, the board, at the end of an unprecedentedly long sitting, adjourned over the Christmas holidays till Jan. 17.

The effort to promote the higher education of women in connection with the University of Cambridge continues to be attended with the most gratifying success, and it has been found advisable to commence the erection of another wing to the North Hall of Newnham College, which portion of the college is under the care of Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Premier. A hospital is also being provided for the use of any of the students attacked with infectious diseases. During the term which has just ended there have been in the South Hall, which was erected in 1875, forty students resident in the college, under the principalship of Miss Clough, and four out-students living with their friends; and in the North Hall thirty-six resident students and four out-students, under Miss Gladstone.

In our recent account of the Lahore Government College and University of the Punjab, reference was made to the state of popular education among the natives of that important province of India. Some inquiries for more complete and precise information upon this subject may here be answered by stating that Messrs. Trübner and Co. are the London publishers of a work of extensive and minute research, the "History of Indigenous Education in the Punjab, since Annexation and in 1882," by Dr. G. W. Leitner, Principal of the Lahore Government College and Registrar of the University, originally compiled for the Government service. It is a volume of more than six hundred folio pages, containing a vast amount of interesting knowledge, methodically arranged, with regard to the national peculiarities of different races, Sikhs, Mohammedans, and Hindoos, inhabiting the Punjab; their religious, their customs, their social condition, their languages, and literature, and especially their schools and methods of teaching, whether Gurmukhi (or Sikh), Arabic and Persian (for the Mussulman community), or Sanscrit, Urdu and Hindi. Every politician who desires to be correctly acquainted with the real foundations of the national life, and to comprehend the ideas and sentiments of the people, should devote some attention to this study. The author has revealed to us the existence of a surprising degree of intellectual activity in the native mind, and of classical culture, which ought to be cherished by the institutions of a wise and liberal Government, instead of being entirely superseded by the European mode of instruction.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The ancient fortress and palace of Norman and Plantagenet Kings of England, where also the Tudors occasionally held their Court, and where prisoners of State were frequently confined and finally put to death, is one of the most interesting monuments of the national history, though haunted by gloomy recollections of crime, of tyranny, and of treason, of guilt more heinous than is associated with any other abode of old Royalty in Europe. During nearly five centuries, down to the reign of Elizabeth, the Tower of London witnessed the long succession of those incidents which look so picturesque and dramatic in popular historical literature, but which cost an immense amount of private and public suffering, while the feudal system of the Conquest was gradually transformed into a solid national monarchy, the power of ambitious princes and nobles was broken, and the rule of law was established, leaving room for the subsequent growth of political freedom. All this belongs to the distant past; but the stern precinct of the Tower, with the buildings it contains still in good preservation, never having been destroyed and never "restored" by modern architects, is an instructive place to visit; and recent official arrangements have given increased convenience to visitors. They are no longer to be led about and lectured by a guide, but can make use of their previous reading to seek whatever objects of antiquarian study they may chiefly care to examine. The present First Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, has also performed a commendable action in clearing away piles of obstruction in front of the central building, called "the White Tower," which is an edifice of great dignity, resembling Rochester Castle, and dating from the same period, that of William Rufus. The removal of the sheds hitherto occupied as the Guard-room and the Ordnance office has opened to the Thames a good view of the whole front of the White Tower, down to the battlements of the wall inclosing the Inner Ward, as shown in one of our Engravings. We must now refer to the numerous Sketches of particular buildings and apartments presented on two pages of this Supplement; and further to some of the curiosities in the Armoury and Museum, of which there are a few Sketches on another page; but it is needful to preface any account of these with a brief description of the general plan of the Tower.

On the north or Middlesex bank of the Thames, three-quarters of a mile below London Bridge, the Tower, with its several courts and broad surrounding moat, occupies a space exceeding twelve acres, having the Trinity House and the Royal Mint, with the Minorities, in its immediate neighbourhood to the north, and St. Katherine's Docks to the east. It is approached from the City by Eastcheap and Tower-street; the latter part of the thoroughfare is now being widened and straightened. Our two Views, from the north-west, taken about Trinity-square, and from the east, comprising the part nearest to St. Katherine's Docks and East Smithfield, represent the general aspect of the group of buildings on the land side. The ordinary entrance, however, is near the river, at the bottom of Great Tower-hill, where the visitor passes into the Outer Ward through the gateway tower, which is called the Middle Tower, and over the bridge of the moat to the Byward Tower, at the south-west angle of the whole circuit of fortifications. These small entrance towers are of little historical interest, as this was not the usual way of entrance, in old times, for Kings and great personages. St. Thomas's Tower is in the middle of the river-front, with the "Bloody Tower" adjacent, and with a water-gate opposite, for the entrance of barges from the river to the stairs, which is called "Traitor's Gate," because State prisoners were brought in by that way. The Cradle Tower, the Well Tower, and the Develin or Irongate Tower, in the Outer Ward, have undergone much alteration, only the ancient basements remaining. These seem to have been connected with the part inhabited as a Royal Palace, which was the south-eastern portion of the Inner Ward, including the Wakefield Tower, now occupied by the Regalia, and some buildings on the site lately covered by the Guard-room and Ordnance Offices. The Outer Ward is merely a long and narrow lane between the towers and the ramparts along the river-front of the fortress.

The Inner Ward or Bailey is a vast irregular quadrangle, with the great square White Tower in the centre, and with twelve small towers, mostly of a round shape, at its four sides. These are, in the south front, the Bloody Tower, which is the present entrance, with St. Thomas's Tower close to it, and the Wakefield Tower; the Bell Tower, at the west end; and the Salt Tower, at the east end. On the western side, overlooking Tower-hill, are the Beauchamp Tower and the Devereux Tower. These two, with the Bell Tower, are the most interesting of the State prisons; and near them stands the small plain chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, where Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Lady Jane Grey, the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Essex, and other unfortunate victims of tyranny were buried, though in some instances the bodies were afterwards removed. The site of the scaffold where Anne Boleyn, More, Fisher, Essex, Raleigh, and many other historical persons were beheaded is marked by a pavement and inscription, a few yards from the chapel. On the northern side of the inclosure, towards the Minorities and the Mint, are the Flint Tower, the Bowyer Tower, the Brick Tower, and the Martin Tower; the Constable Tower, and the Broad Arrow Tower, but the latter almost hidden by different buildings, are on the east side. The Inner Ward contains a detached range of barracks for soldiers, a variety of store-houses and offices, and the dwellings of resident officials. The "Lieutenant's Lodgings," between the Bloody Tower and the Bell Tower, were sometimes allowed to give more comfortable accommodation to prisoners who were not to be harshly treated.

The grand White Tower is the most perfect existing specimen of a Norman castle or palace. It contains the Armoury and Museum; but it is a pity that the upper storey, which must have formed a magnificent square hall, should be stuffed with stacks of modern rifles and bayonets, which intercept the interior view in every direction. This noble building, constructed from the designs of Bishop Gundulf in 1078, is 176 ft. long and 96 ft. wide, rising to the height of 92 ft., with embattled parapet and four angular turrets; the external walls are 10 ft. and 12 ft. thick. The original main entrance, on the north side, is now blocked up; the staircases, made in the thickness of the walls, are extremely narrow, probably to assist the defence, but the Tower was never attacked. On the first floor is a spacious gallery, with side apartments containing the Armoury and Museum; below are the ancient dungeons, not underground, with the torture-chamber and guard-rooms; above, the Hall of State or King's Council Chamber, and St. John's Chapel, with circular Norman arches and pillars, vaulted roof and semi-circular apse. The first floor communicates with an adjacent building called the Horse Armoury, in which are ranged twenty-two life-sized equestrian figures, attired in real suits of knightly armour, from the time of Edward I. to that of James II., besides many figures of foot-soldiers, in their armour, holding the weapons of the period, and other curiosities of military furniture of various dates. In another place is the figure of Queen Elizabeth, on horseback, in the robes she wore at one of her sumptuous visits to the City of London. This is

represented among the subjects of our Sketches, as well as that of King James II., attired in a steel corset and a long full-bottomed black wig. The collections of helmets and shields, lances, halberds, maces, poleaxes, swords, cross-bows, blunderbusses, and pistols, are very curious; and there is a large collection of Oriental weapons, contributed by the East India Company. On the side tables are laid a few examples of the horrible instruments of torture, thumb-screws, iron collars, and fetters, with a small model of the rack, employed by the wisdom and humanity of our ancestors for the judicial discovery of truth. The executioner's block and axe, and the mask with which he veiled his face, are here preserved for the edification of an age which is content with the use of gallows and rope.

There is, we believe, some uncertainty about Queen Elizabeth's confinement in the Bell Tower; nor is it certain that Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned in the Brick Tower. The best authenticated prison-house is the Beauchamp Tower, where many of those charged with treason under the Tudor reigns, including several of the Dudleys, Lady Jane's husband and her father-in-law, were confined. The stone walls of the large circular apartment, with deep window recesses, on the first floor, are cut with some pathetic records of the unfortunate persons who lingered there in tedious captivity, and some of whom were released only by death.

The Wakefield Tower, in which the Records were formerly kept, is now the place of custody for the Crown Jewels; and this seems to be one of the most attractive sights for a multitude of visitors to the Tower. Golden crowns and sceptres, diadems set with precious stones, collars and badges of the Garter and other Knightly Orders, always find numerous admirers wherever they are exposed to view. The popular taste for whatever is splendid, and for whatever is horrid, may be freely indulged at the Tower. There is a pleasure, no doubt, in the opportunity of inspecting the rack and thumb-screws, and passing a staircase corner, in the "Bloody" Tower, where the bones of two boys, supposed to be the young Princes murdered by their uncle King Richard, were discovered at a later time. A milder gratification is afforded by the exhibition of our beloved Sovereign's head-dress of purple velvet, with its top-knot and cross of diamonds, sapphire, and ruby, which may Heaven long preserve! The Tower of London, however, is a most valuable monument of English historical antiquity, if not a very lively place of public entertainment. The old-fashioned livery of the "Beefeaters," or Buffeters, of Henry VII.'s household, still worn by the attendants here, is an important part of the show.

NEW BOOKS.

There are two sound reasons why the monograph of *Maria Edgeworth*, by Helen Zimmern (Allen and Co.), should be read—the first reason being that the subject is one of great interest, and the second that it is admirably treated. Only lately one of the best female novelists of our day has recorded her impression of Miss Edgeworth, and now we have this larger and more comprehensive estimate of a woman whose reputation among modern readers is by no means equal to her merit. It is easy to point out the defects of the author of "The Absentee" as a novelist; easy, too, to discern her power, for the work done by this admirable writer has, if the expression may be allowed, but one face to it. Miss Edgeworth above all novelists, with perhaps the exception of Miss Yonge, conveys the most distinct impression of writing with a purpose. No doubt all great novelists are teachers, but all do not sit down, as she did, for the purpose of teaching. It was inevitable, therefore, that she should be didactic, but it does not follow that she is dull; and whether she wrote for children or for grown up people, she attracts by her simplicity, her humour, her knowledge of human nature, especially of Irish nature, and by the sincerity of her work. Didactic fiction is not in vogue, and of that she was the mistress, but as a novelist she has also many artistic qualities which should preserve her fame. What she lacks is poetic imagination, or, to quote the biographer's words, the "divine spark of the ideal"; but Miss Zimmern is surely wrong in saying that because Miss Edgeworth was largely influenced to write by the suggestions of her father, she therefore did not write "by the inner prompting of genius;" and indeed we find a contradiction to this statement on another page, where we read that "despite her doctrines"—which probably she did owe to Mr. Edgeworth—"her genius was too strong for her." As a woman of letters, Maria Edgeworth is, in many respects, a model. Wholly without pretension, with great faculties of enjoyment, with a high sense of duty; shrewd, sagacious, competent, she held her place, not by authority but love, as the eldest daughter of a family of eighteen children, and as the friend, and even confidant, of three step-mothers. It is remarkable that there was no spiritual element in her life. The Edgeworths as a family, we read, "thought little, if at all, of the next world, finding full occupation for their minds in this." The truth of the remark will be obvious to the reader who turns to Mr. Edgeworth's entertaining autobiography. Miss Zimmern's volume, we may add, belongs to the "Eminent Women" series.

In the same series (issued by Messrs. Allen and Co.) we have the picture of a woman formed in a very different mould from Miss Edgeworth. *Margaret Fuller (Marchesa Ossoli)*, by Julia Ward Howe, is a biography likely to be read with enthusiasm by some readers, and with pleasure by all. Probably no American woman of the century has so marked an individuality; and whatever her faults may have been they are forgotten in our admiration of a nature at once highly mystical and practical. Her lofty aspirations, which some acquaintances perhaps found a little wearisome or incomprehensible, were never suffered to interfere with the conscientious discharge of duty, and this feature in her character is brought out with prominence by the biographer. The narrative of this broken life, with its tragic conclusion, is related by Mrs. Howe with a completeness of knowledge that leaves little to be desired. We wish we could write as lightly of the style in which it is written. Some of the sentences are slovenly and even inaccurate. The author is apt to indulge in language known to Margaret Fuller's countrymen as "high falutin." It is long since we have met with so forced a metaphor as that of "the demon of self-interest" seeming "to unfold himself out of most of the metamorphic flowers of society." Again, "somniaulic utterances" and "somniaulic unconcern" are phrases with which one would gladly dispense; and we admire her heroine none the more because she is termed "a priestess of life-glories," or because, when acknowledging the insufficiency of human knowledge, she "bows her imperial head and confesses herself human." The keen interest of the narrative is not greatly injured by defects such as these, which lie upon the surface. Probably the latest account of Margaret Fuller will also be the last. Her personal influence was extraordinary, but readers who did not know her must accept this fact on authority. She used her pen, no doubt, with force and with some charm; but it is as a highly intellectual and variously gifted woman rather than as an author that she won the hearts of friends and deserves the reputation she has gained.

Lives of the Princesses of Wales, by Barbara Clay Finch

(Remington and Co.), touches on what to an ordinary reader is comparatively untrodden ground. How few know anything of Joan of Kent? What her special qualities were, whether good or evil, or, indeed, that she was the mother of the Black Prince, that beau ideal of chivalry and romance to all young students of history. And the same may, in a great measure, be said of the other Princesses of Wales, most modern historians devoting their pages almost exclusively to the politics of the different reigns, and the deeds and prowess of the Kings and Princes, hardly mentioning the wives and mothers, except as such. And yet woman's influence is so often at the root of a made or a marred scheme, that a study of their lives apart affords many a clue to the intricate manœuvres and designs of the sterner sex. The three volumes under notice contain much that is interesting even to a cursory reader, from the romance which is so closely bound up with the lives before us, which is yet no fiction, but fact supported by almost every historical writer of any note. The sublime patience of Katharine of Aragon under all the cruel trials and insults to which she was exposed is admirably narrated; and, in contrast with all the glowing life and brilliant pageants in Spain, which are vividly described, comes the melancholy gloom of Kimbolton, a ray lighting up the lonely end of the noble and pathetic lady—namely, the devotion of Lady Willoughby. The epoch during which Caroline of Anspach lived presents a striking contrast to the "half barbaric" days of the earlier Tudors. Nearly two hundred years had elapsed since the death of Katharine, giving time for literature to have sprung into strength and power, and in all these years no one lady had borne the title of Princess of Wales, which position was admirably filled when Caroline of Anspach "married the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion thenceforward until her life's end." So says Thackeray; and her character is everywhere and by everyone upheld as being one fitted to play her part in the midst of trying and discouraging circumstances. Much that is sad leaves the lives of Anne of Warwick and Caroline of Brunswick. It remains but to mention the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, who, although the least striking of all those figures now passed away, and unpopular with the nation at large, must yet be deserving of commendation from the facts that her son adored and Queen Charlotte respected her; and, says Dr. Dorn, a commercial country should reverence the memory of a woman who, out of her own jointure, paid off all the debts which her husband left at his decease. The facts in these volumes have been gathered carefully and placed before the reader in a thoroughly business-like and yet inviting manner, and the book is one which all must like for its great accuracy, bright and graphic descriptions, and the clearness with which each life is treated.

Two Marys are associated with two of the most pathetic chapters in literary biography. One is Mary Unwin, the lifelong friend and companion of Cowper; the other, herself a sufferer like the poet, is dear to us not only for her own worth, but as the sister of "Elia." In her well-written monograph of *Mary Lamb* (Allen and Co.), Mrs. Gilchrist's effort is, of course, to give prominence to the sister; but the task is not without its difficulties. We can never think of Lamb apart from his sister, and it is even more difficult to think of Mary apart from Charles. Never probably were two lives more closely linked together. Every biographer of the brother, therefore, has written with all needful fulness of the sister, to whose welfare he consecrated his life, and who gave him in return, all she had to give. It is the most pathetic, the most beautiful of stories, but it is also one of the best known; and it is inevitable that a reader acquainted with the familiar subject should find a considerable portion of this volume almost wholly without novelty. In one respect, therefore, Mrs. Gilchrist labours under a disadvantage. On the other hand, novelty is not essential to the biographer, whose art may be displayed in the arrangement of materials, in felicity of expression, in the critical tact, more easily recognised than described, which gives a tone to the narrative. In these respects Mrs. Gilchrist's story merits considerable praise. She knows her subject well, and knows how to treat it, wasting no space on irrelevant remarks. Mary Lamb's peculiar but fine character stands out prominently. When not mad, she was eminently sane—a woman full of mother-wit and mother-wisdom, and, although she never learnt to spell, possessing a happy literary gift. Some of her habits, it may be allowed, were not particularly refined. She took snuff often; and sometimes, like her brother, but in greater moderation, drank gin-and-water. But at heart she was a lady, just as Lamb, despite his weaknesses, was a gentleman. All children clung to her and loved her, and her calm wisdom was acknowledged by such men as Hazlitt and Coleridge. "Of all the people I ever saw in the world," wrote Lamb, in the early days of his sorrow, "my poor sister was most thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness." and in the last year of his life he said—"Her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally, and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her." Ten years older than her brother, Mary survived him many years. They were years, as Mrs. Gilchrist observes, with ever-lengthening periods of darkness; but, she adds, that "even when the mind seemed gone the heart kept some of its fine instincts." We may observe that the author has discovered two or three interesting facts which seem to have escaped Lamb's latest and best biographer—Mr. Ainger. It seems strange to read that John Lamb, the father, instead of surviving his wife but a few months, according to the common report, lived for nearly three years after her tragic death. "It is a date," Mrs. Gilchrist writes, "of some interest, because not till then did brother and sister begin together their life of 'double singleness' and entire mutual devotion."

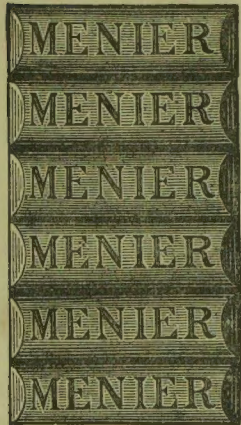
Messrs. Cassell and Co. have brought out, in one handsome volume, an illustrated edition of the Rev. Canon Farrar's *Life and Work of St. Paul*, which appeared in two volumes about four years ago. It is, probably, as an historical and theological study, by far the most valuable part of the author's series of learned researches into the circumstances attending the origin of the New Testament Scriptures; although his "Life of Christ" has gained a much wider popularity. The standard biography of St. Paul by Dean Howson and the Rev. W. J. Conybeare will not be superseded by that of Canon Farrar; but the latter contains a great deal of useful information drawn from the Talmud, concerning the Jewish Rabbinical schools, the glosses of the Law, and other traditional precepts, which throw much light on the Apostle's meaning. The present edition is furnished with several good maps, and with a very large number of engravings of the localities and antiquities of Syria, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece, and Italy, which are appropriately selected, and by which the narrative is greatly enlivened.

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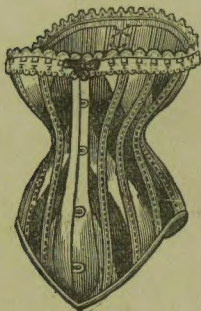
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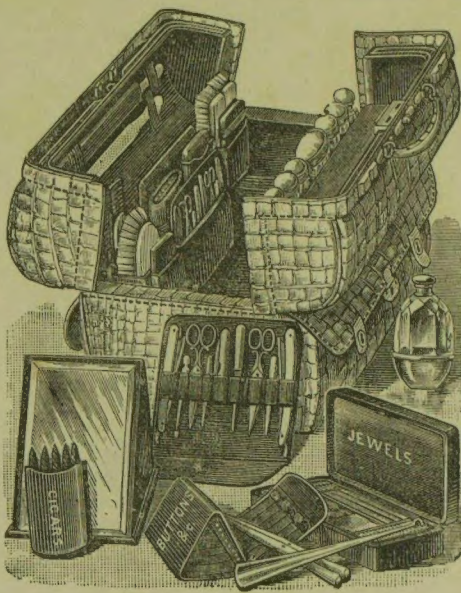
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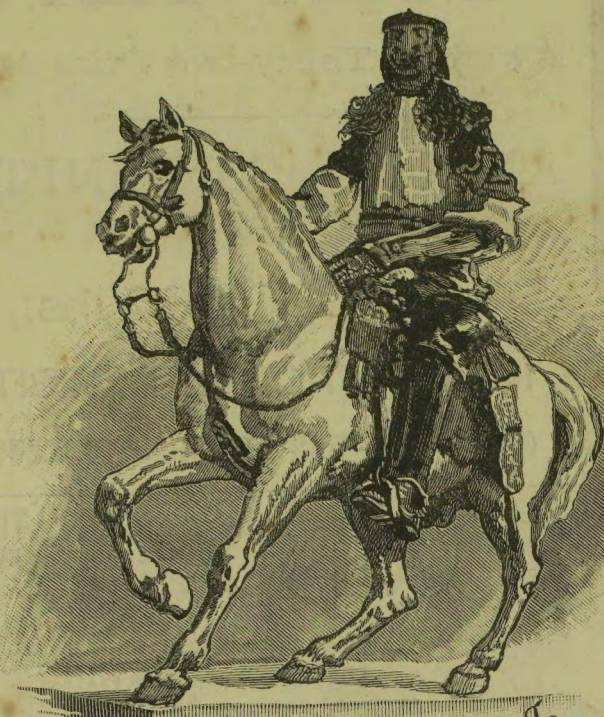
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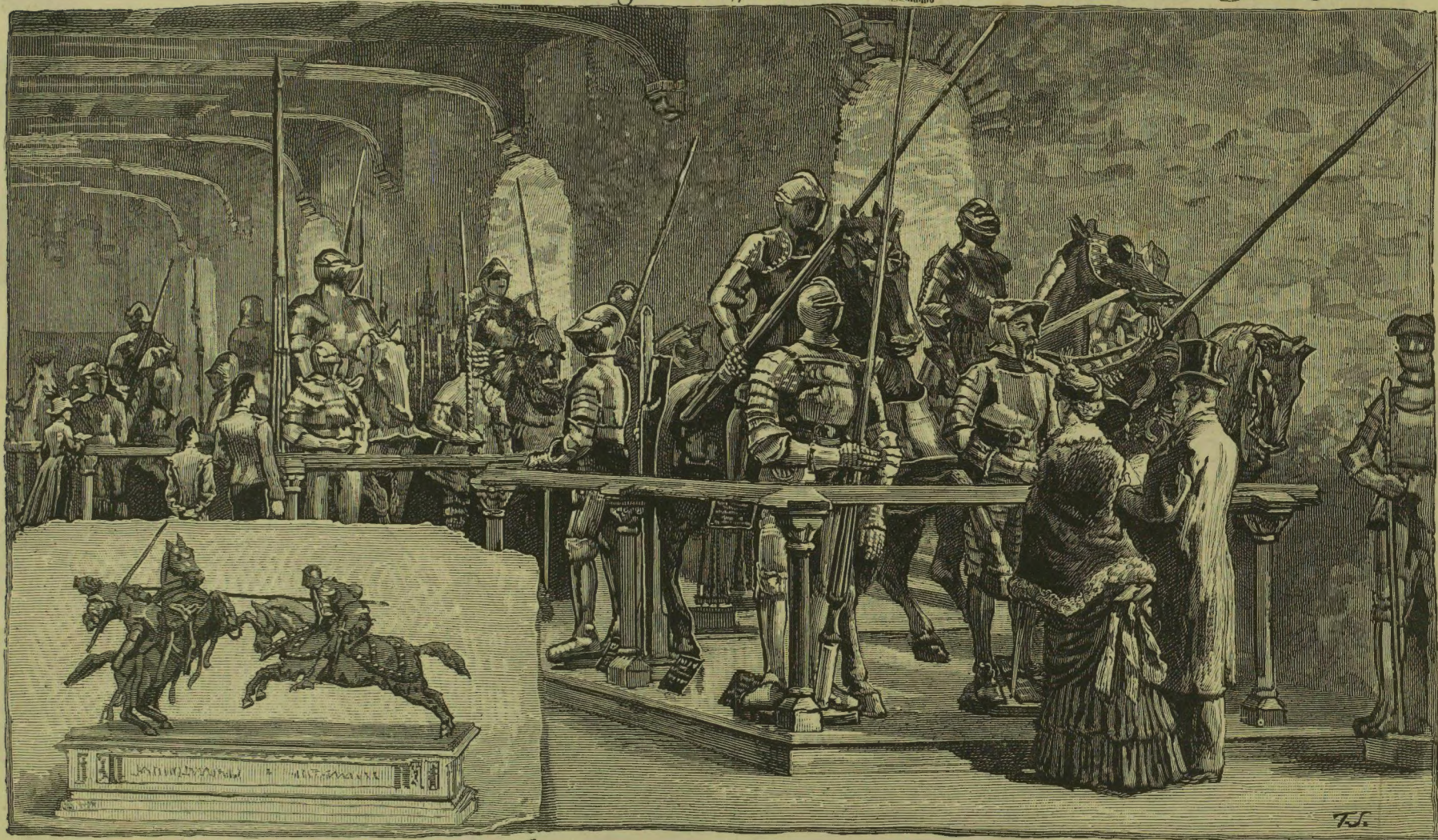
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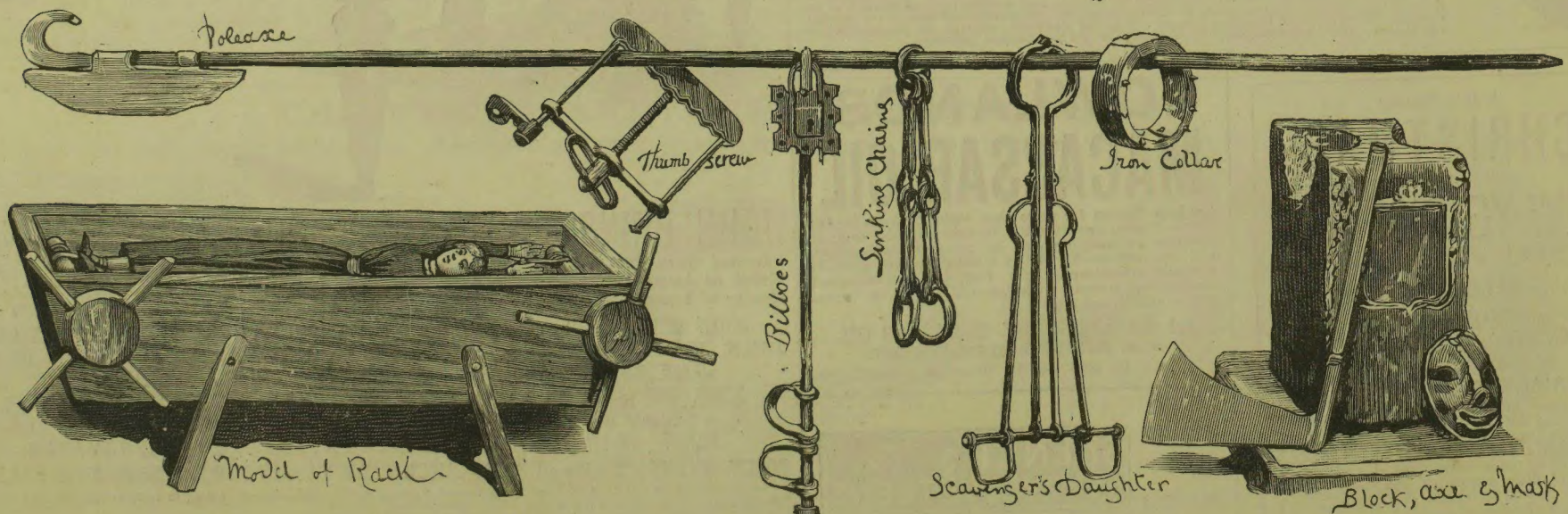
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